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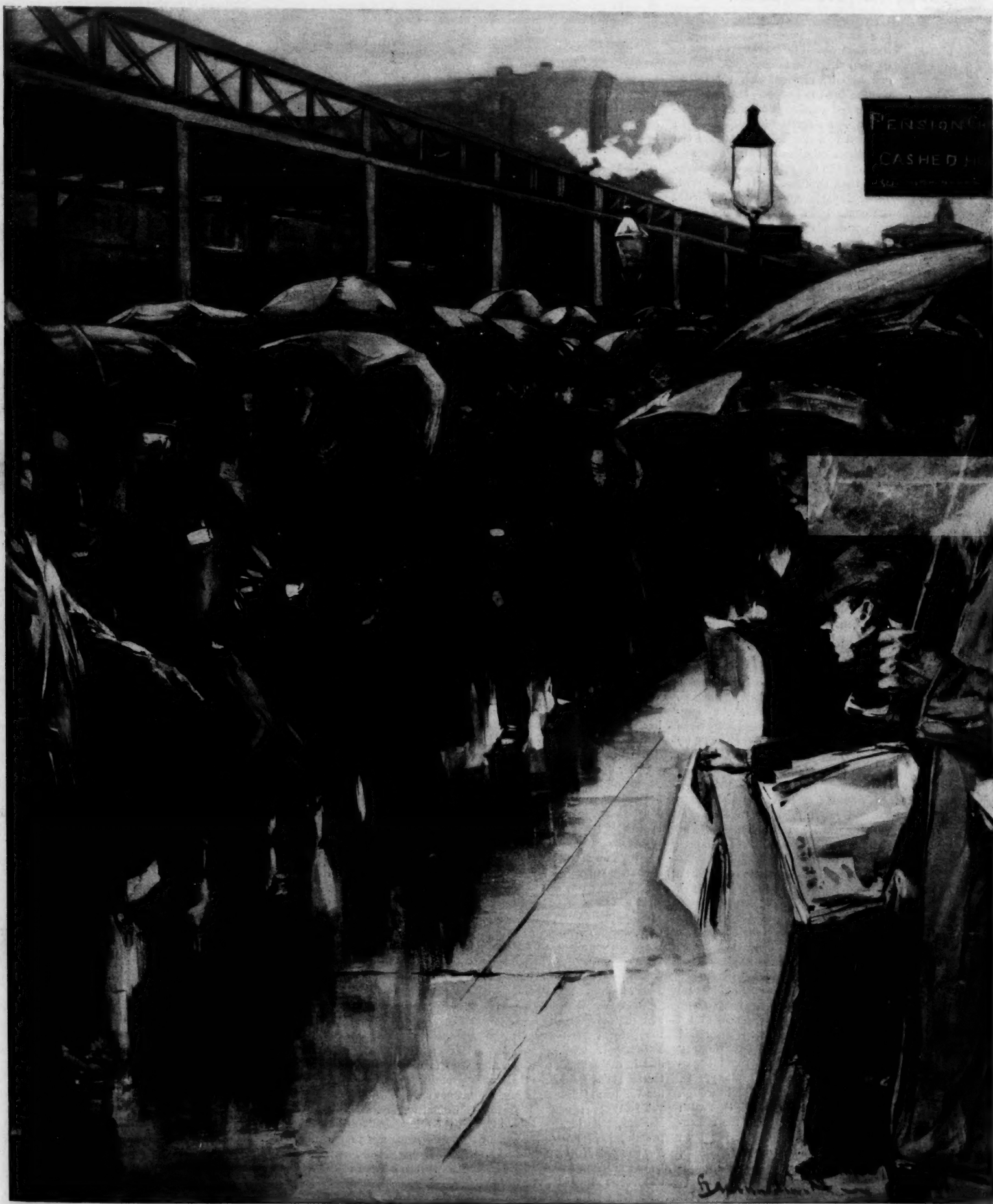
AMATEUR ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT, by WILLIAM T. BULL.

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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PENSIONERS WAITING THEIR TURN TO BE PAID—SCENE ON QUARTER-DAY IN SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
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Push the Investigation.



THE recommendation of the Chamber of Commerce that the investigation of the government of this city should be continued by the Lexow committee or one like it, clothed with the fullest powers for the purpose, expresses the undoubted sentiment of our best citizenship. So far the inquiry has been confined to a single department of the municipal administration. The suspicions as to the rottenness of that department have been more than confirmed. It is believed, very generally, that other departments, if not equally debauched, are under the control of influences and administered in accordance with methods which operate, in a no less positive sense, to the prejudice of the public interests. It is of the very highest consequence, if the work of municipal reform is to be made effective and comprehensive, that the exact truth as to all these suspected bureaus and branches of the government should be officially ascertained.

The investigation of one of these, the dock department, which will be prosecuted by the new commissioners of accounts, under direction of Mayor Strong, will undoubtedly be thorough and exhaustive as to the financial transactions of that particular department, but it cannot, in the nature of the case, uncover all the details of its administration or bring to light all the parties who have profited by its mismanagement, as could be done by a committee empowered to put men under oath. The same thing is true of other suspected boards. An examination by financial experts will unquestionably be helpful, and must be had as to all of them; but the investigation must go beyond that if the public demand is ever satisfied. The proposition that the committee shall investigate only upon the request of the mayor does not meet the case. Such a condition would shut out the Society for the Suppression of Vice, to which the community owes the initiation of the whole reform movement, and might, under conceivable circumstances, be employed to prevent any further inquiry whatever. The committee must not be hampered by restrictions, either as to the continuance or the character of its work, which would prevent its going to the bottom of the whole matter. There can be no satisfactory reorganization of the public service until all the defects and weaknesses of the existing system are disclosed.

It ought to be remembered, too, that no investigation will be satisfactory or adequate to the demands of the case which is dominated by purely partisan motives. Any Legislative committee which may be raised will necessarily have a Republican majority, that party having been charged by the people with the responsibility of effecting necessary reforms, but the interests to be considered are not partisan, and an inquiry conducted merely with reference to acquiring a party advantage would fall infinitely below the dignity of the occasion and fail altogether to command public sympathy. If there are Republican leaders who have any other conception of their duty in the premises they are lamentably out of harmony with the spirit of the time, and must be made to realize that they will not be permitted to antagonize or defeat the popular purpose as clearly expressed at the ballot-box.

Journalistic Assassination.

IN another column reference is made to the treatment received by two foreign artists from a portion of the American press. These persons have perhaps extended pleasure more widely throughout the United States than any others who have come to our theatres. And yet it is clear that a futile effort has lately been made to injure their continued success. It is alleged that while being "interviewed" they lately criticised Americans in a hostile and objectionable way. As to this we are in possession of the facts.

A number of reliable persons have stated, and through them *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* is prepared to prove, that with the exception of the occurrence mentioned in the accompanying article, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Kendal has been "interviewed" since their last arrival from England. Also, that the expressions slanderously attributed to Mrs. Kendal were not uttered as alleged. Mrs. Kendal has always, and for many years, and with good cause, regarded America as a nation of personal friends. She has never concealed

her gratitude for the favor with which the United States as a whole has regarded her efforts; and although nobody on her part has asked that we should speak for her, and although we belong to no incorporated order of ancient knight-errantry, we still think our columns are fairly used in defending from gratuitous insult and slander a lady who has been kind to us all.

When we publish, as heretofore, interesting chats with Mrs. Kendal, or Ellen Terry, or others, our privilege has not been the result of what is often misnamed "journalistic enterprise." These people cannot be "interviewed" by any paper in America. It is simply owing to the fact that members of our staff have been permitted, through the personal friendship of different celebrated people, to utilize unobjectionable and carefully culled items. We find it "pays" to have trusted people with us. When a certain celebrated woman was lately receiving letters from all the newspapers, begging fruitlessly for "interviews," we published a three-column article of personal reminiscences, and she sent to San Francisco, Boston, and Philadelphia, and went to considerable expense in providing a number of pictures for our selection. We mention this, not to claim credit for privileges from people who are otherwise inaccessible, not because we sometimes give our readers matter which cannot be bought or arranged for by other papers, but merely to suggest that a reputation for complete trustworthiness gains more news and approval from the best people than the system of garbling, misstating, and mockery, which we must stigmatize as disgraceful when it occurs in the "interview."

English Liberals and Their Leaders.



ALTHOUGH it has been denied, there are some reasons for attaching importance to the rumor that Sir William Harcourt is likely soon to retire from the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the government forces in the British House of Commons. The Liberal party in England is just now in sore straits. A general election is impending. It may come at any time, now that the new electoral register is in force, and the probability is that the election will result unfavorably to the Liberal party. Under these circumstances it would not be surprising to learn that Sir William had accepted a peerage and taken refuge in the quieter atmosphere of the House of Lords. He has absolutely nothing to gain by acting as the leader of the Liberal party when they come to be in opposition. Two years ago the greatest prize open to Englishmen in political life seemed likely to fall to Sir William Harcourt. But the premiership went to Lord Rosebery, and some years must elapse before England has another Liberal premier, unless Lord Rosebery should retire at once. Whoever leads the Liberals in the next House of Commons will have a more difficult task than any previous leader of the Liberal party. The growing tendency of this party to split into groups makes this inevitable; and that Sir William Harcourt, who now no longer has anything to gain, is tired of the hard work of present-day English political life, and weary of some of its conditions, is shown by the fact that since Parliament was prorogued in September he has not made a single speech, or taken any part whatever in the political activities of the recess.

At Lord Rosebery's own instigation, the Liberal party has set itself a task which is more tremendous than any which ever before faced a political party in England. Almost every Liberal of any prominence has in one way or another given his adhesion to the movement against the House of Lords. It is true that some of them have done so in a half-hearted manner, but, with one exception, all Lord Rosebery's colleagues have come to his aid in the campaign against the present constitutional position of the upper chamber. The single and outstanding exception is Sir William Harcourt. After the defeat of the Liberals in Forfarshire he was besought by the Radical press to take his share in the campaign. After the second defeat at Brigg in December he was again urged publicly to place himself in line with his party. All these appeals, however, have so far been in vain. Sir William Harcourt has remained as silent as though the present Parliamentary recesses were as dull and uneventful as Parliamentary recesses were in the old days before the democracy was enfranchised.

Compared with Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt is a young man. He is not yet seventy years of age. But the present Parliament is pre-eminently a young men's Parliament. The Liberals are led in the House of Lords and in the country by a premier who is under fifty. In the House of Commons their most prominent leader, after Sir William Harcourt, is Mr. Asquith, a lawyer who is not yet forty-five; and the leader of Unionists, Mr. Arthur Balfour, who in all probability will be England's next premier, is Mr. Asquith's senior by only a couple of years. For the present the fight against the House of Lords must be to the Liberal party what home rule was to it from 1886 to 1894. It is the issue to which the party has been committed by its leaders, as well as by the force of circumstances. If Sir William Harcourt, who is the best platform

speaker the Liberals have, had intended to lead in this fight, as he led in the long struggle for home rule, he would surely have taken some prominent part in the early stages of the campaign.

Regulation of the Liquor Traffic.

IT is in every way desirable that the liquor question should be as far as possible removed from politics. For that reason we should regard the adoption in this State of the Ohio license system as a distinct gain in the right direction. Under that system all persons "engaged in the sale of vinous, malt, or intoxicating liquors" are assessed at proportionate rates yearly, the tax being paid into the county treasuries and distributed in certain specified proportions to the credit of the general revenue fund of the State, to cities and towns for police and general fund purposes, and to the poor funds of the several counties. No tax shall be less than twenty-five dollars. All assessments and penalties operate as a lien upon the real property on or in which the business is carried on. All saloons are required to be closed on Sunday, and from midnight to six o'clock A. M. on other days. Municipalities are empowered to "regulate, restrain, and prohibit all beer and porter and other places where intoxicating liquors are sold, from selling the same." Special elections may be held to determine by ballot whether the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be allowed in any township whenever one-quarter of the qualified voters petition for such election. An important provision of the law is that instruction shall be given in the common schools and public educational institutions as to the effect of alcoholic drinks and narcotics on the human system. The basal principles of this law are, as will be seen, first, that the traffic is open to every person who chooses to engage in it upon the terms fixed by the State and subject to the severe restrictions and penalties which attend its prosecution; and second, that the revenue derived from it is so distributed as to benefit all the tax-payers, both as to State and local purposes. The system has the distinct advantage that it is coherent and tends to elevate the standard of responsibility in those who are charged with its administration.

Midwinter Sports.



IT cannot be denied that we are a sport-loving nation in all that the term implies, nor can it be denied that as we grow older we become fonder and fonder of every branch of sport that is conducive to health and the rational development of muscle. There was a time when every season had a set of pastimes of its own; but now, as our sporting tendencies increase, we see such a summer game as tennis played indoors while the snow is lying deep upon the roof. And it may not be going too far to suppose that after a while there will be some way devised by which ice-skating and snow-balling may be enjoyed in July. But the sports of winter are always more or less exhilarating, and perhaps we gain more good from them than we do from summer sports, because in the former case we cannot lie on the ground and kick our heels in the air as observers. Fancy a boy climbing to the top of a frosty telegraph-pole or lying upon the snow at a fence knot-hole to observe and enjoy a game of lacrosse on the ice!

Perhaps of all the sports of winter there is none other that quite equals tobogganing, especially on a glittering moonlight night when the thermometer is just below the freezing point. What a fine tingling sensation to go clipping through the air in the teeth of the clear, dry wind; to see the sharp, gray trees flying to the rear, while the roses and carnations burst into bloom on Araminta's cheeks until they glow like a flower-garden in May. Even the tramp up-hill with the toboggan or bob-sled does not seem so hard a task when the happy-go-lucky bumping vim of coming down again is considered. And then the skating!—not the skating we know in the city rink, but the old-fashioned skating on a ready-made pond out in the woods, where we made bonfires on the bank and stood before them in ecstasies of delight!—And besides the skating, with all its graceful evolutions, from "grinding the bark" to "spreading the eagle," and the tobogganing, with its jolly upsets and its opportunities for warming your hands in her ever-welcome muff, there is the sport of sleigh-riding, which, considered as a sport in the city, is only such on the basis of the price of the horse and sleigh—just as a quail is considered an epicurean morsel because it is expensive. But in the country sleighing is sport because it is sport, and for no other reason. Just think of the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells on the cold, still air, and try to fancy what it would be without any bells at all. Why, without bells it would be like a straw-ride without straw or a milk-punch without milk. And just now the sleigh-bells are jingling and the ice carnival is in full blast to such an extent that we know the ice crop is not a failure. But even if the ice crop is not a failure the price of ice next summer will be just as high and the weight just as short.

And now the honest and venerable farmers who are too old and stiff to skate or play ahlaney sit in the ingle-nook

and go into wildest raptures as they play checkers and talk about Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay. The wind moaning about the chimney is a musical accompaniment to the jumping backward of the checker kings. And after they have played checkers and backgammon until they are tired they turn their attention to dominos. As they never play these games during the summer they are rusty in December. By January they have regained their old-time facility, and by the first of March they play almost in championship form. They look upon these games as belonging to the winter, as haying belongs to the golden summer. And although they have to put on spectacles to count the spots on the dominos, as they would to count the spots on a Berkshire pig in the amorous moon of May, they still think the game very delightful, and they would do so perhaps if they had to play by candle-light with opera-glasses or telescopes to help them out. Of course these games do not develop their muscles or expand their lungs, but they give the weary agriculturists an opportunity to train their minds and work themselves up into a state of intellectual activity that will be of service to them when it comes to the practice of their subtle art in securing the city boarder for the summer solstice. On a three-moon course of checkers and a diet of oatmeal the poorest sort of a farmer is in a position in May to capture the urban athlete for five dollars a week. And so he plays and plays his little game at his humble fireside, and the wind that blows without shakes into his lap in advance from the plenteous tree of fortune the game he so much covets.

The Japanese Terms of Peace.

THE Chinese envoys to Japan having been restricted in the peace negotiations at Tokio to the payment of a war indemnity and a recognition of the independence of Corea, it is safe to assume that no agreement will be arrived at, and that the war will go on until the conquered nation realizes the hopelessness of further contest, or the Powers interfere actively in its behalf. It has been obvious ever since the negotiations were proposed that China was playing her usual game of duplicity, with the object of securing delay and a possible armistice, and this fact being perfectly understood by Japan, her rejection of any half-way proposals must in the nature of the case be prompt and decisive. There is a sense in which Japan will be entirely justified in demanding absolute security for the future as well as indemnity for the past. China is a constant menace to civilization; she is treacherous and altogether insensible to the obligations of good faith; and now that Japan has been used as a flail to break her in pieces, it is in the interest of international progress that she should be compelled to give territorial or other guarantees that will open the way for Asiatic development along modern lines.

It is of course impossible to foresee what terms Japan will really demand, but there are certain obvious conditions which she may make with perfect reason and propriety. She may insist upon retaining Port Arthur and the territory adjacent, at any rate until a sufficient indemnity is paid. She may ask for Formosa, which would in time become a valuable possession. She may demand that a part or the whole of Manchuria shall be made autonomous on the basis adopted in Corea. Or she may ask that her people, and possibly all others, shall have the right to trade without molestation in the interior of China. It is difficult to see how any of the Powers could object to any of these demands. Of course they will not consent, as a Vienna newspaper puts it, to be "elbowed out of eastern Asia," but their interests would not be violated in the least by the acquisition on the part of Japan of any of the advantages here indicated. As for the Chinese, they would probably welcome any settlement which involved their deliverance from the hateful Manchu dynasty.

WHAT'S GOING ON

WE have already referred to the wide commendation bestowed upon the Christmas number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* by appreciative contemporaries. We append a few additional comments which fairly give the generally-expressed opinion of both the press and public. The *Brooklyn Eagle* says, after designating special features, that "the whole number is a feast to the critical eye." The *Baltimore American* says: "The number is one of the best of the year. It is good all through. In text and illustration it is beautiful, interesting, and timely." The *Brooklyn Standard-Union* says: "The Christmas number is unusually attractive, and marks, perhaps, higher attainments than any of its predecessors. The regular issue of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* also covers with promptness and fidelity in illustration and description a very wide range of subjects."

THE extraordinary depression of the meat-packing industry, produced in part by the exclusion of American meats from foreign markets, is illustrated by the fact that the great Armour concern of Chicago has been compelled to reduce its working hours from ten to eight, with a corresponding reduction of wages. Mr. P. D. Armour has been engaged in the packing business for forty years, and he testifies that he has never known the business conditions to be so unfavorable as now. "We are losing money right

along," he says, "but we cannot stop; we must bear our loss until the revival comes." There is not work enough, however, to keep all his men employed, and so he distributes it in order that every employé may have a share of it. The courage and sympathetic spirit with which Mr. Armour faces an adverse situation are in every way commendable.

WE have frequently referred to the fact that while great capitalistic accumulations are often a menace to the public welfare, there is a tendency among wealthy Americans to use their individual riches for beneficent public purposes which disarms much of the prejudice which would otherwise be excited against the capitalist class. One of the latest illustrations of this munificent spirit is afforded in the gift of over one million of dollars to a single institution of learning, Columbia College of this city, by three members of the Vanderbilt family, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Sloane, and two gentlemen whose names are not divulged. Such gifts are akin in their munificence to the benefactions to the Chicago University, and to those bestowed in recent years upon Princeton, Yale, and other institutions, and their influence will be felt far and wide, especially in stimulating other men of large means to a like use of their wealth in the service of mankind.

THE industrial situation in the Southern States appears to have steadily improved during the past year. While the general prosperity was affected by the prevalent depression, there was a distinct progress in manufacturing enterprise, and the business situation is in every way more favorable than it was one year ago. Nearly six hundred more enterprises were started in 1894 than in the preceding year, and many of these had special reference to supplying a home demand which was formerly supplied from distant points. It is stated as an encouraging fact, also, that in some important lines of industry—machinery, for instance—Southern products are now able to compete in Northern and Western markets. "Southern flour is exported to Europe in large consignments, and is winning extended popularity at home. The products of the South's stove foundries, canning factories, carriage and wood-working shops, etc., are also making reputations at home and abroad." The great development of manufacturing industries is shown by the statement that the total capital invested in all forms of manufactures is now \$800,000,000, against \$257,244,561 in 1880, while the annual value of manufactured products has increased in this period from \$457,454,777 to \$1,000,000,000.

THE bill now before Congress which proposes to compel all sleeping-car companies to reduce the fares on their coaches one-half ought not to become a law. Everything considered, the parlor-car service in this country is cheaper, as it is admittedly in every way superior to that of any other country in the world. Traveling third-class in Europe, the tourist pays two cents per mile, while if he goes first-class he is charged four cents per mile; and the service is in no sense as satisfactory as it is here, where the rates are very much less. The inevitable effect of any attempt to reduce the fares on sleeping or parlor cars will be a reduction of the comforts and security of this service of the companies, which are earning, at present rates, only legitimate dividends on their enormous outlay, and that is not desired by any considerable part of the traveling public. We suspect that if the genesis of the bill in question could be ascertained it would be found that, if it is not designed as a "strike," it has its inspiration in hostility to the Pullman company, which recent events have made unpopular; and in either case it is wholly indefensible. At the same time, it would undoubtedly be a good thing for the Pullman company and all corporations engaged in this form of service if Mr. George M. Pullman could be induced to step down and out. This would disarm existing prejudice and make it impossible for the projectors of the proposed legislation to do any serious damage to an important business interest.

Men and Things.

MR. METCALF, in the current number of the *Cosmopolitan*, shows a rare discernment in what he has to say concerning the condition of the drama in New York to-day. There is no doubt that the evil days are upon us; we have but to glance back over our play-bills for a season or so past and the one just passing to realize to what a low estate the serious drama has fallen. The causes for it are patent enough: speculative management and a decrease in the intelligence of audiences; and the remedies difficult and far to seek. It is no easy task to correct the taste of a public which will accept with eager acclaim and vociferous applause such theatrical commonplace as "The Masqueraders" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and which will crowd night after night to guffaw over the inanities of "A Milk-white Flag" and "A Country Sport," while such distinctly interesting productions as "Arms and the Man" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" are passed by with little or no heed. It is greatly to be regretted that our dramatic critics can be looked to for little help in the regeneration of our audiences and of our theatre—for regeneration they must submit to if permanent good is to follow. There are but two papers in New York to-day who employ men fitted to write seriously on the drama, and it is a big work to carry

out single-handed. Let us hope, with Mr. Metcalf, that the time will come when an endowed theatre—privately, not publicly endowed—will solve the difficulty and encourage a native and foreign drama that will appeal to our intelligence and not merely excite our emotions.

The Grolier Club commemorates the tenth anniversary of its foundation by the publication of a second volume of transactions, which gives in epitome the complete history of the club, beside much other matter of bibliographical and artistic interest. This volume is but the printed record of the club's history; the true significance of that history will be known to none but book-lovers, though its fruits belong to every buyer and reader of books. No other single influence has had the effect upon book-making in this country that the Grolier has had. From the very inception of the club its standard was high, and the result has been the publication of a set of books, during the last ten years, that are unique in the history of book manufacture, combining as they do the beauties of type, paper, and binding with the perfection of printing—combining them as they have never been combined in this or any other country.

The expense of urban living has a tendency to move ever up. And while the causes of it are curious and inexplicable—save to the economically inclined—the results are in many instances admirable, as it is forcing the charms of suburban and country living upon many who otherwise would cleave ignorantly to the town. But even those who have had the courage to flee the city will in a measure be affected by the latest increase in prices, for they are dependent on New York theatres for their amusements, and it is the New York theatres that have taken to raising their charges. Three of the principal theatres now ask two dollars for their best seats, and no greater imposition was ever practiced on a docile public. But if people choose to give whatever is asked of them, why should one who pays but fifty cents for a front seat in the top gallery quarrel about it?

It is more than a pity that those to whom Stevenson's death came as almost a personal loss were not afforded better opportunity for spontaneous expression of their feelings than was given them at that very peculiar memorial meeting which was held in the Carnegie Music Hall a fortnight since, under the auspices of Mr. Lincoln and his Uncut Leaves Society. That a memorial meeting should have been held was most fit, but that it should have been held under the direction of a professional organizer of literary entertainments, to whom this occasion probably appealed as one especially worth organizing, is a matter of much regret to many to whom the whole affair was peculiarly unhappy.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

People Talked About.

—MR. CECIL RHODES, who has figured so conspicuously in Matabeleland, where he has vast enterprises and was accused of trying to set up an independent government, recently visited Constantinople, and the story goes that he is trying to "make a deal" with the Sultan, and to purchase the friendship of the Mohammedans in central Africa, so that the telegraph line he is building may enjoy their benevolent neutrality. Others assert sarcastically that Mr. Rhodes wishes to get a lease of the Soudan, so as to meet the Mahdi in years to come on at least an equal footing.

—The one Democrat in the Michigan Legislature, John Donovan, is receiving great consideration at the hands of the Republicans. He has been made chairman of the House Committee on Federal Relations and honored by other appointments, and is finding Legislative life by no means as uncomfortable as he had probably expected it to be. In fact, he is about the most conspicuous man in the State, and if there are any delights in such peculiar eminence he is enjoying them all.

—The first woman to be appointed colonel on the military staff of the Governor of an American State, and perhaps the first in the world since Joan of Arc, who became a general-in-chief, is Miss Antoinette Humphreys, a pretty young lady of Mt. Auburn, a suburb of Cincinnati. She has recently been appointed on the staff of Governor McCorkle, of West Virginia. Colonel Humphreys is nineteen years of age.

—Southern women are showing their contempt for Colonel Breckinridge in a very marked way. At Birmingham, Alabama, not a single woman attended his lecture, and elsewhere his reception has been equally frigid. The venerable debauchee will probably realize, after a while, that there is a potency in sound public opinion which even he cannot successfully resist.

—Of the books of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has had the largest sale. "Treasure Island," which has been in the market for eleven years, comes next. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman," published this year, and higher in price, is so far as circulation goes, abreast of "Treasure Island."

—Ex-Governor Alger, of Michigan, isn't bothering himself, just now, about the Presidency or any other matter of politics. He has struck gold in Montana, and with other capitalists is preparing to develop the "find," which is said to be very rich and valuable.



MR OKABE, OUR CORRESPONDENT'S
INTERPRETER.



FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT OYAMA, COMMANDER
SECOND JAPANESE ARMY.



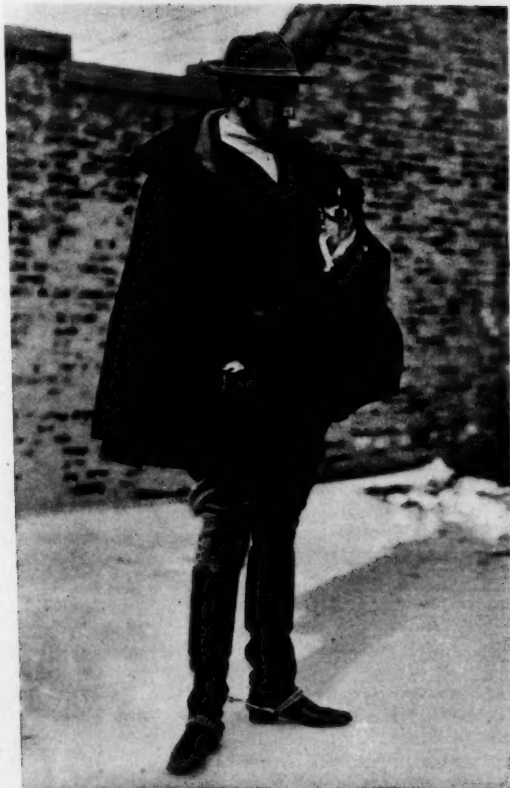
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL YAMAJI, COM-
MANDING THE FIRST DIVISION.



EDWIN DUN, UNITED STATES MINISTER
TO JAPAN.



ONE OF THE CHINESE PORTS AT KINCHOW.



OUR CORRESPONDENT, A. B. DE GUERVILLE AND HIS
LITTLE WAR-DOG.



A WOUNDED CHINESE SOLDIER AT THE JAPANESE RED-CROSS HOSPITAL.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY A. B. DE GUERVILLE.—[SEE PAGE 53.]



"Who should I see in the street the other day but the McFarlanes."

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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VIII.—(Continued).

WHAT do you think we have been doing lately? Building a stable—no less. Cullingworth wanted to have another at the business place—as much, I think, for his patients as his horses—and, in his audacious way, he determined that he would build it himself. So at it we went—be, I, the coachman, Mrs. Cullingworth, and the coachman's wife. We dug foundations, got bricks in by the cart-load, made our own mortar, and I think that we shall end by making a very fair job of it.

It's not quite as flat-chested as we could wish, and I think that if I were a horse inside it I should be very careful about brushing against the walls; but still, it will keep the rain and wind out when it is finished. Cullingworth talks of our building a new house for ourselves, but as we have three large ones already there does not seem to be any pressing need.

Talking about horses, we had no end of a fuss here the other day. Cullingworth got it into his head that he wanted a first-class riding-horse, and as neither of the carriage ones would satisfy him, he commissioned a horse-dealer to get him one. The

man told us of a charger which one of the officers in the garrison was trying to get rid of. He did not conceal the fact that the reason why he wished to sell it was because he considered it to be dangerous, but he added that Captain Lucas had given one hundred and fifty pounds for it, and was prepared to sell it at seventy. This excited Cullingworth, and he ordered the creature to be saddled and brought round. It was a beautiful animal, coal-black, with a magnificent neck and shoulders, but with a nasty backward tilt to its ears, and an unpleasant way of looking at you. The horse-dealer said that our yard was too small to try the creature in, but Cullingworth clambered up upon its back and formally took possession of it by lamming it between the ears with the bone handle of his whip. Then ensued one of the most lively ten minutes that I can remember. The beast justified his reputation, but Cullingworth, although he was no horseman, stuck to him like a limpet. Backwards, forwards, sideways, on his fore feet, on his hind feet, with his back curved, with his back sunk, bucking and kicking, there was nothing the creature did not try. Cullingworth was sitting alternately on his mane and on the root of his tail—never by any chance in the saddle. He had lost both stirrups, and his knees were drawn up and his heels dug into the creature's ribs, while his hands clawed at mane, saddle, or ears, whichever he saw in front of him. He kept his whip, however, and whenever the brute eased down, Cullingworth lammed him once more with the bone handle. His idea, I suppose, was to break its spirit, but he had taken a larger

contract than he could carry through. The animal bunched his four feet together, ducked down his head, arched his back like a yawning cat, and gave three convulsive springs into the air. At the first Cullingworth's knees were above the saddle flaps, at the second his ankles were retaining a convulsive grip, at the third he flew forward like a stone out of a sling, narrowly missed the coping of the wall, broke with his head the iron bar which held some wire netting, and toppled back with a thud into the yard. Up he bounded, with the blood streaming down his face, and, running into our half-finished stables, he seized a hatchet, and with a bellow of rage rushed at the horse. I caught him by the coat and put on a fourteen-stone drag, while the horse-dealer (who was as white as chalk) ran off with his horse into the street. Cullingworth broke away from my grip, and, cursing incoherently, his face slobbered with blood and his hatchet waving over his head, he rushed out of the yard—the most diabolical-looking ruffian you can imagine. However, luckily for the dealer, he had got a good start, and Cullingworth was persuaded to come back and wash his face. We bound up his cut and found him little the worse, except in his temper. But for me he would most certainly have paid seventy pounds for his insane outburst of rage against the animal.

I dare say you think it strange that I should write so much about this fellow and so little about anybody else, but the fact is that I know nobody else, and that my whole circle is bounded by my patients, Cullingworth, and his wife. They visit nobody,

* Commenced in the issue of December 13th.

and nobody visits them. My living with them brings the same taboo from my brother doctors upon my head, although I have never done anything unprofessional myself. Who should I see in the street the other day but the McFarlanes, whom you will remember at Linlithgow. I was foolish enough to propose to Mamie McFarlane once, and she was sensible enough to refuse me. What I should have done had she accepted me I can't imagine, for that was three years ago, and I have more ties and less prospect of marriage now than then. She was with her father the other day, but I only had time for a few words, for they were just passing through the town. I thought she was looking prettier than ever and I wondered whether she could remember our last dialogue as distinctly as I could. It wasn't a very long one, either. I raised my hat, I remembered, and asked her whether she would like to be my wife. She answered that she was quite certain that she would not. I asked her why she was so certain, and she said that it was because she could never care for me. I asked her why not, and she said because I would never suit her. I begged her to tell me in what respect I did not suit, and she answered because I was inclined to be solemn, and she was inclined to be frivolous. So I was dismissed—looking more solemn than ever—and so ended my first, and perhaps my last, try at winning a wife. Well, there's no use yearning for what you can't have, and there's no other man living to whom I would speak about the matter at all; but life is a deadly lonely thing when a man has no one on his side but himself. Why is it that I am sitting here in the moonlight writing to you, except that I am craving for sympathy and fellowship? I get it from you, too—as much as one friend ever got from another—and yet there are some sides to my nature with which neither wife, nor friend, nor any one else can share. If you cut your own path you must expect to find yourself alone upon it.

Heigho! it's nearly dawn, and I as wakeful as ever. It is chilly, and I have draped a blanket round me. I've heard that this is the favorite hour of the suicide, and I see that I've been tailing off in the direction of melancholy myself. Let me wind up on a lighter chord by quoting Cullingworth's latest article. I must tell you that he is still inflamed by the idea of his own paper, and his brain is in full eruption, sending out a perpetual stream of libelous paragraphs, doggerel poems, social skits, parodies, and articles. He brings them all to me, and my table is already piled with them. Here is his latest, brought up to my room after he had undressed. It was the outcome of some remarks I had made about the difficulty which our far-off descendants may have in determining what the meaning is of some of the commonest objects of our civilization, and as a corollary, how careful we should be before we become dogmatic about the old Romans or Egyptians:

"At the third annual meeting of the New Guinea Archaeological Society, a paper was read upon recent researches on the supposed site of London, together with some observations upon hollow cylinders in use among the ancient Londoners. Several examples of these metallic cylinders or tubings were on exhibition in the hall, and were passed round for inspection among the audience. The learned lecturer prefaced his remarks by observing that on account of the enormous interval of time which separated them from the days when London was a flourishing city, it behooved them to be very guarded in any conclusions to which they might come as to the habits of the inhabitants. Recent research appeared to have satisfactorily established the fact that the date of the final fall of London was somewhat later than that of the erection of the Egyptian pyramids. A large building had recently been unearthed near the dried-up bed of the River Thames, and there could be no question, from existing records, that this was the seat of the law-making council among the ancient Britons, or Anglicans as they were sometimes called. Near this was an oblong building, which had originally consisted of brick. Its name has been ascertained to be the Aquarium, which points to its having been used as a place of seclusion for habitual drunkards. The lecturer proceeded to point out that the bed of the Thames had been tunneled under by a monarch named Brunel, who is supposed, by some authorities, to have succeeded Alfred the Great. The open spaces of London, he went on to remark, must have been far from safe, as the bones of lions, tigers, and other extinct forms of carnivora had been discovered in Regent's Park. Having briefly referred to the mysterious structures known as 'pillar-boxes,' which are scattered thickly over the city, and which are either religious in their origin, or else may be taken as marking the tombs of Anglican chiefs, the lecturer passed on to the cylindrical piping. This had been explained by the Patagonian school as being a universal system of lightning-conductors. He (the lecturer) could not assent to this theory. In a series of observations, extending over several months,

he had discovered the important fact that these lines of tubing, if followed out, invariably led to large hollow metallic reservoirs which were connected with furnaces. No one who knew how addicted the ancient Britons were to the use of tobacco could doubt what this meant. Evidently large quantities of the herb were burned in the central chamber, and the aromatic and narcotic vapor was carried through the tubes to the house of every citizen, so that he might inhale it at will. Having illustrated his remarks by a series of diagrams, the lecturer concluded by saying that, although true science was invariably cautious and undogmatic, it was none the less an incontestable fact that so much light had been thrown upon old London, that every action of the citizens' daily life was known, from the taking of a tub or tab in the morning, until, after a draught of porter, he painted himself blue before retiring to rest."

After all, I dare say this explanation of the London gas-pipes is not more absurd than some of our shots about the Pyramids, or ideas of life among the Babylonians.

Well, good-bye, old chap. This is a stupid, inconsequential letter, but life has been more quiet and less interesting just of late. I may have something a little more moving for my next. Yours ever, J. STARK MUNRO.

IX.

1, THE PARADE, BRADFELD,
April 23d, 1882.

I HAVE some recollection, my dear Bertie, that when I wrote you a rambling, disconnected sort of letter, about three weeks ago, I wound up by saying that I might have something more interesting to tell you next time. Well, so it has turned out. The whole game is up here, and I am off upon a fresh line of rails altogether. Cullingworth is to go one way, and I another, and yet I am glad to say that there has not been any quarrel between us. As usual, I have begun my letter at the end, but I'll work up to it more deliberately now, and let you know exactly how it came about.

And now a thousand thanks for your two long letters, which lie before me as I write. There is little enough personal news in them, but I can quite understand that the quiet, happy routine of your life reels off very smoothly from week to week. On the other hand, you give me plenty of proof of that inner life which is so infinitely more important and, to me, so very much more interesting. After all, we may very well agree to differ. You think some things are proved which I don't believe in. You think some things edifying which do not appear to me to be so. Well, I know that you are perfectly honest in your belief. I am sure you give me credit for being the same. The future will decide which of us is right. The survival of the truest is a constant law, I fancy, though it must be acknowledged that it is very slow in action.

Now, first of all, I want to tell you about how the practice has been going on. The week after I wrote last showed a slight relapse. I only took two pounds. But on the next I made a sudden jump up to three pounds seven shillings, and this last week I took three pounds ten. So it was steadily creeping up, and I really thought that I saw my road clear in front of me, when the bolt suddenly fell from the blue. There were reasons, however, which prevented my being very disappointed when it did come down, and these I must make clear to you.

I think that I mentioned, when I gave you a short sketch of my dear old mother, that she has a very high standard of family honor. She really tries to live up to the Percy-Plantagenet blend, which is said to flow in our veins, and it is only our empty pockets which prevents her from sailing through life like the *grande dame* that she is, throwing *largesse* to right and left, with her head in the air and her soul in the clouds. I have often heard her say (and I am quite convinced that she meant it) that she would far rather see any one of us in his grave than know that we had committed a dishonorable action. Yes, for all her softness and femininity, she would freeze iron-hard at the suspicion of baseness, and I have seen the blood flush from her white cap to her lace collar when she has heard of an act of meanness.

Well, she had learned some details about the Cullingworths which displeased her when I first knew them. Then came the smash-up at Avonmouth, and my mother liked them less and less. She was averse to my joining them in Bradfield, and it was only by my sudden movement at the end that I escaped a regular prohibition. When I got there, the very first question she asked (when I told her of their prosperity) was whether they had paid their Avonmouth creditors. I was compelled to answer that they had not. In reply, she wrote imploring me to come away, and saying that, poor as our family was, none of us had ever fallen so low as to enter into a business partnership with a man of unscrupulous character and doubtful antecedents. I answered that Cullingworth spoke sometimes of paying his creditors, that Mrs. Cullingworth

was in favor of it also, and that it seemed to me to be unreasonable to expect that I should sacrifice a good opening on account of things with which I had no connection. I assured her that if Cullingworth did anything from then onward which seemed to me dishonorable, I should dissociate myself from him, and I mentioned that I had already refused to adopt some of his professional methods. Well, in reply to this the "mam" wrote a pretty violent letter about what she thought of Cullingworth, which led to another from me defending him, and showing that there were some deep and noble traits in his character. That produced another still more outspoken letter from her, and so the correspondence went on, she attacking and I defending, until a serious breach seemed to be opening between us. I refrained from writing at last, not out of ill-temper, but because I thought that if the "mam" were given time she would cool down, and take, perhaps, a more reasonable view of the situation. My father, from the short note which he sent me, seemed to think the whole business absolutely irregular, and refused to believe my accounts of Cullingworth's practice and receipts. This double opposition, from the very people whose interests had really been nearest my heart in the whole affair, caused me to be less disappointed than I should otherwise have been when it all came to an end. In fact, I was quite in the humor to finish it myself when Fate did it for me.

(To be continued.)

A Thankful Soul.

I TAKE life jest as I find it;
If it's hot I never mind it;
Hunt around fer shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin'—why, I go
Jest a-skimmin' o'er the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)
Spring or winter—summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full o' strife;
That jest 'liven's up my life!
When the good Lord made it lie
Done the best fer you an' me—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then throwed in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop o' dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light—
Sun by day an' stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always makes complaint
They ain't healthy—that they ain't!
Some would jest live with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always findin' fault with things—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it—
Hot or cold, I never mind it;
If it's a sunshiny day
That's my time fer makin' hay;
If it's rainin', fills my wish—
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish;
When the snow falls white as foam,
Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter—summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

FRANK L. STANTON.

Street Cleaning in Europe.

THE persons who have been asked to clean the streets of American cities have met the charge that they have failed utterly in their task by saying that they have done as well as they could under the conditions imposed upon them. And their reply had a basis of fact, as we will see by a little examination of those conditions and a comparison of them with those in Paris and London, two cities which are kept beautifully clean. Street cleaning is a modern necessity of urban life, and followed the building of good pavements in the city streets. Such pavements were not general in European cities until in the early years of this century; they are not general in America yet—indeed, they are rare and exceptional. Streets cannot be kept clean in the absence of solid and smooth pavements because great quantities of dirt will work from beneath a loosely-made pavement, while it is quite impossible to either sweep clean or wash clean an uneven one. With bad pavements as the rule there is no system that will keep a city clean. But there is another condition which the American street-cleaner has had to contend with, and this condition is answerable also for the bad pavements which defeat what efforts he is permitted to make. This condition is the one which requires that all city work shall be given to men who have contributed to keep the dominant party in power. With a surface to deal with which cannot be thoroughly cleaned, and with workmen selected for other reasons than their capacity to do the particular work for which they are hired, the officials in American cities accomplish exactly what under the conditions might be expected of them—they fail utterly and

completely. This is not because they have not money enough—for they have more than enough—but merely because until the conditions which hamper them are removed, failure is inevitable.

London, which has few of the natural advantages of New York, and which is three times as great in area and in population, is kept clean notwithstanding the fogs which cause the coal soot to settle on the ground. In London the street cleaning, and most other local governmental functions, is attended to by the forty odd parishes or vestries of which the city of London is the principal. Each of these subdivisions of the metropolis has its own street-cleaning plant, consisting of a dock, carts, sweepers, reducers, and so on. And each one has a system of working of its own, though they are all to a great extent modeled after that in the city of London proper, the streets of which are the busiest and at the same time the cleanest. The streets are all swept by machines in this district before nine in the morning, the work having been begun at midnight. And before the traffic has begun in the morning all of the sweepings have been carted to Lett's wharf, near the Waterloo Bridge over the Thames. To this place also all of the garbage and other house refuse has been taken, and there these materials are gone over by contractors, and all that is valuable is removed. But one of the most important of materials gathered in the London streets is not taken up with the sweepings, it having been removed long before the sweeping began. Allusion is made to the horse-droppings, which are gathered by boys equipped with scoops and brooms. These youngsters dart in and out in the most crowded thoroughfares and take up these droppings before there has been time for them to become ground into the interstices of the pavement. All the streets in London city are so patrolled, and these boys do a most admirable work. From them are recruited the men who work the sweepers, drive the carts, and so on. They are, in fact, street-cleaning cadets, and while young are but serving an apprenticeship to a service in which they expect to spend their lives and by which they expect to be pensioned when they grow too old to labor. This surely is a very different system from any that prevails in America, but there is nothing wonderful about it. The men whose duty it is to make the pavements make them properly and then maintain them; those who are employed to clean these streets merely clean them—clean all of them—and then the work is done, and well done. Surely there is nothing in this to make Americans despair of having their cities as clean as London.

Paris is even cleaner than London, but the problem is easier in Paris, where the area is very much smaller and the population less. But the work in Paris is done with masterful thoroughness and with true French economy. Indeed, it does not cost as much to keep Paris clean as it does to suffer New York to remain dirty, and the built-up portion of New York is one-third smaller than that of Paris. Every street in Paris is swept every day; some of the busiest of the streets are swept twice every day. Every gutter in Paris is flushed out twice every day. Now to do this a great army is employed, but of these thirty-two hundred persons more than one-half have other occupations, and work on the streets only from four A. M. to eight A. M. It is during these hours that nearly all the work is done. The street dirt and garbage is swept with machines into the gutters, and the lighter portions of this are flushed into the sewers, there being a catch-basin midway between the hydrants which line the sidewalks of all the Parisian streets. Water is used most generously in cleaning the streets of Paris, and none but the street-cleaners are permitted to sprinkle the pavements, either to settle the dust or to wash away the mud. Horse-droppings are collected, as in London, during the day, and this manure is of course kept separate on account of its value. The garbage from the houses is all removed before nine o'clock in the morning, and this is carried to the place where it is burned or otherwise disposed of in immense carts, which do not leak and spill on the pavement a large percentage of their loads. This garbage used to be a source of revenue to the city of Paris, but that is no longer the case, and now the city has to pay \$400,000 yearly to get rid of it. Paris is divided for street-cleaning purposes into one hundred and fifty districts; these are so small that each superintendent or "cantonnier" knows every part of his district intimately, and can have all of his men constantly under observation. Each cantonnier is held strictly responsible for the cleanliness of his district, and he also has supervision over the contractors who remove the garbage. But it is the thoroughness with which the work is done that makes Paris so admirably clean.

Such a system, with a modification here and there, could be put in force in every American city, and all of them, after being properly cleaned, could be kept all the time as clean as Paris is on the brightest day in June.

The War in the East.

JAPANESE VS. CHINESE INHUMANITY.

THOSE who doubted my statement that the Chinese had themselves committed most of the atrocities of which the Japanese are accused must have been convinced by the telegrams published a few days ago in nearly all the papers announcing that Moukden, the great sacred city where are the imperial tombs, is in a state of supreme anarchy. Manchus, Chinese, Mongolians, soldiers, are fighting among themselves, houses are being sacked, peaceful inhabitants murdered, women outraged and violated. It is to be supposed that, should the Japanese take this city by assault and kill some of these miserable Chinese soldiers, they would be made responsible for every crime that has taken place in that city during the last few weeks.

It seems really useless to say anything more about Port Arthur. The question has been presented to the public from two different points of view. The exact truth will be known some day, and then the public will judge. As for letters sent by English and American navy officers about what took place, I shall simply state that none of these officers entered Port Arthur before the 24th (Americans) and the 25th (English). The city having been taken on the 21st, they had to get their information from the foreign correspondents. As for the accusation that I tried to pass Mr. Creelman for a Chinese spy so that he might be shot, I shall not attempt to offer a second lengthy denial. The matter has been referred to the United States legation at Tokio and to the Japanese government for immediate investigation. I may, however, call attention to the fact that the accusation is no more what it was at first. I am now accused of having "insinuated at headquarters that a certain American journalist who was seeking to get his pass for the front would be a dangerous man for the Japanese to allow to proceed."

There were quite a number of correspondents at the time in Tokio, and it is really strange that the only one who (with myself) was allowed to go forward should be the very one I am supposed to have accused.

The matter, as stated, will be investigated, and as it has become a personal matter, I shall mention it no more until I hear from Tokio.

The news received a few days ago to the effect that the King of Korea had proceeded with great pomp to the ancestral hall and there had solemnly declared the independence of Korea shows the truth of the statements I made some weeks ago, in the columns of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, to the effect that the Japanese had no idea of annexing Korea, but wanted to assure its independence.

The Japanese government at the beginning of the war assured the foreign representatives that their aim was to make Japan a strong and independent country, able to defend herself against internal troubles and international difficulties; to make the Koreans understand that their country is free and independent, that it is their own, so that they might take interest in its future—in short, that they should become patriots.

Again and again had the King of Korea assured the foreign nations that he was an independent monarch. America and Europe had believed him and signed with him treaties on the footing of perfect equality. Japan was the first nation to do this, in 1878. But in spite of all this the king had never acknowledged his independence publicly to his own people. The great bulk of the Koreans still believed China was Korea's suzerain. At the beginning of the war the Chinese generals had big bills posted everywhere in Korea, stating that they had come to defend China's vassal state. The Koreans never knew the standing of their king and government in regard to this matter. Now they will all know that in the temple dedicated to his ancestors, the king, in presence of all the members of the government, has proclaimed Korea's independence, just as years ago this country proclaimed her own independence.

This is, indeed, the very best answer the Japanese could give to those who were accusing them of trying to swallow up Korea and dreaming of conquests. The king, in going to the ancestral hall, was escorted, says the dispatch from Seoul, by a body of Korean soldiers, armed with modern weapons, and the streets were kept in good order by the new Korean police. This is really admirable, and shows what progress the Koreans are making.

The Japanese are not introducing these reforms themselves, and by force, as reported. They simply requested the king to appoint a commission composed of eighteen of the most clever and liberal men in Japan, and these are advised by foreigners, the principal being Mr. Greathouse, an American, who formerly, in San Francisco, was the law partner of Senator Stewart, of Nevada. He was also for some years United States consul-general at Yokohama.

The Japanese are not even anxious to command Korea's new modern troops, and have

presented no objection to these soldiers being commanded by two Americans, General Dyer and Colonel Nienstead.

We have also heard from Seoul that Korean soldiers have attacked and defeated the Kaud-hac rebels. It is a proof that the Korean forces have been reorganized, and are able to assure the government's safety without the help of the Japanese army. The last interesting news is that Tai Wau Kun's grandson has been appointed as minister from Korea to Japan. Tai Wau Kun is the king's father, and he had been accused of using his great influence, while regent of the kingdom, to pave the way for his grandson—the one sent to Japan—to mount the throne. It goes without saying that if this were true the Japanese would not have accepted him as minister.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY publishes in this issue a number of photographs brought from Japan. One is that of Edwin Dun, our minister in Japan, a man of great abilities and undoubtedly the most popular minister in the *corps diplomatique*. He has been many years in Japan, and connected with our legation as secretary, charge d'affaires, and at last minister, under different administrations. It has been pointed out again and again that in Oriental countries it is absolutely necessary for us to keep our ministers on duty and not to change them every few years. It takes more than four years for a foreigner to understand an Oriental country. Edwin Dun has proved to be the most satisfactory minister we ever had at Tokio, and it is to be hoped he will remain there for many years to come.

The Honorable Ito Myoji is a member of the House of Pairs and the secretary-general of the imperial cabinet. He is a great admirer and most devoted friend of our country.

General Yamaji is the one-eyed brave who commanded the first division of the second army, and who defeated the Chinese at Kin-chow and Talien-Wan. He commanded the right wing of the army at Port Arthur. He is the plainest man in the world, and I never saw him, during the march, eating anything but a little cold rice—exactly like a common soldier.

My interpreter was Mr. Okabe, the son of one of the best-known judges in Japan and a student from the imperial university. He was, however, an amateur interpreter, and would not accept any compensation. Being anxious to see the war, and not being a military man, he requested General Kawakami and Prime Minister Count Ito to send him with the army in some capacity, and they kindly attached him to me as an interpreter.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

THE AMATEUR FIELD

Reform in Foot-ball Again.

It must not be assumed because a sequel here follows to "Reform in Foot-ball"—the subject of last week's issue—that this department has but one excuse for its existence, one string to its bow, as it were, namely, the game of foot-ball. On the contrary, each and every string which vibrates in the world of amateur sport, be it on land or water, will receive its proper tuning here—but all in due season.

An important reason for the introduction of the aforesaid sequel at this time is found in the fact that foot-ball men generally have been aroused, and the reform convention is assured. This being so, it is in line to point out the important duty which the convention owes the people of publishing a few facts relative to unnecessary rough play, its causes, to what extent it has existed, and its remedies.

Now, most of the charges of last year were based upon the practice of certain players of falling with the knees upon a prostrate opponent. That both Yale and Harvard, in the Springfield game, indulged to an extent in this bit of unnecessary rough play cannot be denied. It is just as true that kneeling is a form of unnecessary roughness which may properly be styled brutal. On the other hand, because kneeling predominated in one game of the past season, it is justly unfair to condemn the game altogether.

Besides, there are extenuating causes for unfair play at infrequent intervals during a season, and taking kneeling as an instance, we find that to strike at the root of this evil an inquiry must go "higher up" than the players concerned.

Particularly those who have had active experience in athletics know that in nearly every game—base-ball, shinney, water-polo, polo on ponies, lacrosse—in fact in any game where the opponents are forced into bodily contact, the roughing instinct in the contestant is ever present and ready to display itself under provocation, and in certain cases when the fear of consequences becomes a minimum quantity. That is to say, the very nature of the athlete is such as to need restraint in order that the rules which govern his play may be adhered to; and

the umpire of a foot-ball game, be it said, was created in the beginning for just such a purpose.

I do not mean to imply by this that the majority of players (foot-ball men, for example), kick, bite, knee, and otherwise brutally treat one another whenever chance offers, but simply that they become rough as distinguished from smooth and easy—that is, more on the order of lion-like as against lamb-like play. No fair-minded person can judge foot-ball essentially brutal if he will but turn to the record of any player and consider first the vast number of times (that is, all those times which occur during the seventy minutes of actual play of one game multiplied by the number of games played during the season) where he holds himself in check when unduly provoked, and then realize how seldom he breaks all bounds and commits an unfair act. This point cannot be emphasized too strongly by a foot-ball convention, for it is important that those persons who content themselves with seeing and judging the game through the newspapers should be impressed with the fact that whereas there are a few questionable plays in the game for each one thousand good ones, the few gain the only prominence, and in this the game is, unfortunately, like a man's life, wherein a single misdeed is sufficient to obliterate years of former good works.

But to return to the restraint which a player needs—the fact in a nutshell is this. So long as the restraining influence is made convincingly apparent by the official, just so sure will that player keep all of his roughing instincts in abeyance. The Harvard-Yale game abounded in rough play, oftentimes unnecessary rough play, because of "party feeling," together with the fact which those twenty-two players appreciated only too quickly, that the umpire was weak and lenient.

A foot-ball player recognizes weakness in an official with the rapidity of thought, at which times he cuts loose and plays with absolute abandon. To strike at the root of the evil, then, which unnecessary roughness certainly is, we must turn to the umpire.

It has been claimed, and justly, too, that the umpire has so much to see that he is lost as in a maze, and sees little or nothing. Yet there are some things which an umpire cannot help seeing, and as an instance may be cited the practice of kneeling. Kneeling occurs after a play has been checked and the runner brought to earth. The umpire is untrammelled at such times with side issues. If he has eyes he can see, and if he has strength of mind he can and will act accordingly. For instance, when Yale kicked the ball to Wrightington in the Harvard-Yale game above referred to, it was the umpire's duty to run down the field under the ball in order to note interference, if any, on a fair catch. Necessarily at such times his eyes are glued on the player to whom the ball sails. When Wrightington caught and ran the umpire's eyes were upon him. When Beard subsequently tackled the Harvard runner the same was true. If, then, Hinkley, as some contend, had kneed Wrightington, a penalty should have been exacted on the spot. In this instance no penalty was inflicted—hence it is only fair to assume that there had been no unfair play.

Whether or no Hinkley kneed Wrightington, however, there was kneeling "a-plenty" during the game by players of both sides, yet never once for such offenses was a penalty inflicted.

The kneeling, in consequence, went on—ran rampant, as it were—and so did other forms of unnecessary roughness. There was not present on that day a single restraining influence, and the devil was to play in consequence.

It is an old truth in foot-ball lore, and one to the point, that when two teams meet in a championship struggle the eleven best men are selected to represent each college side. Further, it is not the intention that any player shall go in to play five minutes, then retire. Rather, all are expected to play the game out, barring accident, and for the simple reason that, standing as the best men, they are supposedly able to accomplish the most brilliant and telling plays. This being so, and the players not only realizing this, but wanting to play with the strength of burning desires for glory which have been smouldering for months before the game, it is unreasonable to suppose that one would jeopardize his chances of finishing the game by committing a flagrant breach of rule; and in order to show how true this is it is only necessary to recall the fact that strong men such as Cowan of Princeton and Rhodes of Yale have been seen by thousands to weep as though their hearts were broken when forced to quit playing for making unfair plays.

Thus it is that players without exception are as clay in the hands of any official who in the very beginning impresses them with his strength of purpose to rule strictly and decisively. The Harvard-Yale game needed only the enactment of a penalty for the first foul to have continued a clean game to the end. But that first penalty was wanting, so was a second and a third, with results which lovers of the game deplore.

In order to confine the game to legitimate rough play, and subject the player to the least possible chance of injury, it has been advised by many to obliterate all forms of momentum play and knock interference—literally—into a cocked hat.

Yet, eliminate these features of the present game and still it will be rough, and for the simple reason that roughness is the very nature of the game. Foot-ball is not lawn-tennis, wherein the contestants struggle at a distance.

To make the game more open, to grant a man a circle of ten yards wherein to make a fair catch—indeed to put into effect all manner of suggested reforms—will not, can not alter the fact that roughness and injury must be part and parcel of the game.

One should not be carried away for a moment with the idea that injuries are due—say to momentum plays in opposition to open play long ago indulged, when a half-back received the ball and started out alone to gain ground. More serious injuries have been sustained by players in open than close mass play. For my part, and I know many foot-ball men will agree, I would rather be mowed down by three flying-wedge plays in rapid succession than submit once to a hard tackle from behind when running in the open at full speed.

Wrightington was carried off the field after a hard tackle in the open by Beard. So was Charlie Brewer. Murphy of Yale was hurt in the head and became unconscious in a distinctly open play at kick-off. Whereas last year this player stood up under assault upon assault of Princeton's famous flying-tandem plays without even the shadow of an injury.

In order, then, to eliminate rough play—that is legitimate rough play—and render injuries impossible, the game must be stopped altogether.

But right here the question arises—is roughness (I mean ordinary and not unnecessary roughness, such as jumping upon and elbowing a player) and the consequent injuries, such as sprained ankles, sides, or bruised thighs, sufficiently serious to warrant a cry of halt? In other words, is legitimate roughness brutal?

An eminent dominie has the following of interest to remark, for, as it will be observed, he answers this question in the negative.

"Hearing that foot-ball was degenerating into slugging matches, and was no longer fit for the eyes of fair ladies to behold, I resolved to obtain my own information upon the subject and draw my own conclusions. I went to Manhattan Field expecting to see twenty-two human battering-rams engaged in fiendish combat, but imagine my surprise when I saw nothing that a New England deacon could not approve. The match was a manly contest between perfect gentlemen. It was rough, of course, but in no wise brutal. No one was carried off dead, and no serious injuries occurred."

It is not legitimate rough play then, but unnecessary roughness, which has to be wholly eliminated, and to sum up my preceding remarks, this undoubted form of brutality cannot thrive for one moment under new rules which shall provide quick-sighted, fearless, and intelligent officials.

W. T. Bull.

Irish Prosperity not Declining.

BOSTON, January 7th.

EDITOR OF *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*: SIR—Your editorial note on page ten of current issue, relating to Ireland, suggests that the registrar-general offers no figures to support his opinion that the wealth of Ireland has increased. I respectfully offer the enclosed, as some proof that Ireland's people have been more prosperous of late than the professional Anglophobists are willing to admit. They are from the labor report of the British Board of Trade:

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.		
Year.	No. of Accounts.	Amounts.
1880.....	82,131	£1,555,894
1885.....	135,777	2,438,347
1890.....	198,790	3,713,739
1893.....	235,944	4,340,156

These amounts are exclusive of investments in government stocks, and since 1884 amounts paid for insurance and annuity contracts.

TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.		
Year.	No. of Accounts.	Amounts.
1880.....	53,910	£ 476,115
1885.....	50,536	2,018,387
1890.....	49,643	2,011,675
1893.....	46,503*	1,886,722*

* Decrease of 7,415 accounts, and £213,443 in amount.

Against this decrease in trustee or private savings banks, note the increase in postal accounts from 82,131 in 1880 to 235,944 in 1893, and in amount from £1,555,894 to £4,340,156; showing not only an increased prosperity but absolute confidence in the government banks.

No account can be over fifty dollars, so that rich people cannot deposit and save the taxes, or swell a false average. GEORGE B. PERRY.



MAYOR STRONG RESPONDS TO THE CLUB GREETING.



RECORDER GOFF SPEAKS BRIEFLY.



AFTER THE SORBET.



MAYOR STRONG PROMISES THE OFFICIAL PLUMS TO MEMBERS OF THE LOTOS CLUB EXCLUSIVELY.

THE HON. JOHN A. TAYLOR MAKES THE SPEECH OF THE EVENING.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE LOTOS CLUB BANQUET IN HONOR OF MAYOR STRONG.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 59.]



"IF?"



"WAIT A BIT."



"YOU SEE, IT IS THIS WAY."



MR. BURNS READS "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."



HIS LAST LOOK AT NEW YORK WHILE GOING DOWN THE BAY.



"NOW, ONE MORE GOOD-BY."



BURNS TAKING LEAVE OF MESSRS. GOMPERS AND HOLMES.



MR. SAMUEL GOMPERS MAKES A POINT.

WAS THE VISIT OF JOHN BURNS TO AMERICA A FAILURE?—STRIKING CHARACTER ATTITUDES OF THE ENGLISH LABOR LEADER AS SEIZED BY OUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—[SEE PAGE 58]

JOHN BURNS, M.P., THE HUMAN DYNAMO.

WHEN John Burns returns to the United States in August he will need only the opportunity to make himself as popular as he has seemed unpopular during the visit from which the *Etruria* bore him away on the 5th instant. Why? Because, man to man, he is a human dynamo, a generator of sympathy, of that magnetism which makes men and women out of automata in the personal equation. To read the newspapers, one would think him a boor; to grasp his hand, hear his voice, resonant as a bugle, and read the flashes of eyes such as few men are possessed of, is to believe in him, if not in his mission, and at least in his own belief in it.

"How To Be Decent—though English," is the caption of one of many newspaper articles printed about him since his departure. His criticisms of American institutions, his candid avowal that their shortcomings are evident, even to the gaze of the passer-by, evoked animadversions. With the justice of Mr. Burns's critical observations—though to some they seemed in the main well founded—this article has nothing to do. Nobody was more prejudiced against him than the writer before seeing and hearing him face to face. A remark he let slip at the labor meeting held the night before he sailed away explains the bitterness of some attacks on him. He said: "America is an international mosaic on the floor of the universe—though the green in it may be a bit too predominant." John Burns is an Englishman, unaccustomed to Milesian domination.

"I came by the Cunard line. I have my passage engaged for my return in August on a Cunarder. I always travel by those steamers. Why? Because their officers treat the men right—the engineers and stokers, down in the nether regions. I am an engineer myself." His yellow eyes, as yellow as those of a lion—tawny, some folks would call them—gleamed with a sudden earnestness. "Laborers are the men to bear in mind, always, everywhere. They are the human creators."

Burns bounced into the Judge Building, the home of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, the morning on which he sailed. "I want to see that kodak-friend who came near driving me out of Battersea Park, my own camping-ground at home, last summer," said he. So he sought out the studio of Mr. J. C. Hemment, whose admirable photographs are reproduced in this issue of *LESLIE'S*, and were a feature of another issue last summer, when Hemment took some instantaneous views of Burns addressing a Sunday afternoon meeting of the Gasworkers' Union in London. "I remember you," as he grasped Hemment's hand, "and how I shouted out last June to my audience, when you had climbed on your friend's shoulders and were snapping your box at me: 'When King Kodak is through I'll go on; he's been bombarding me all around Battersea Park!' And you had been, that's a fact: I'm grateful to you and to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* for what you did—for organized labor, not for John Burns. That's what I am working for, and it is with the hope of helping to unite organized laborers in this country into one grand union that I am coming back."

"I'm not going to bring my wife with me the next time I come, either. I come to work, not for pleasure. We have no children, but our home in Battersea, where I was born, is very dear to us both, and she stays to look after it while I am away, and watches for my return."

Burns married a pretty slip of a Battersea girl some years ago, and they live very happily together in that typical workingman's quarter of London which lies about a beautiful park on the Thames, and is in some respects not unlike Williamsburgh.

"For I have loved Battersea for some thirty-seven years, and worked there as a boy at my trade the long years when I used to sit night after night in the Strangers' Gallery and wonder when I'd be a member of Parliament." As a matter of fact, John Burns, when elected to the House several years ago, was already more skillful in parliamentary procedure, his friends say, than many an old member, by reason of his years of study from the Strangers' Gallery. He became recognized at once as a leader.

"Yes, I am gray," he went on, "and you would naturally think me older than I am. (He's only thirty-seven but he looks fifty, to the casual glance.) But I am only a boy in my feelings. (His conversation does not belie this.) When I landed here, December 24, I was under contract for a week in Denver, at the meeting of the American Federation of Labor. That was my only formal engagement. After that the boys got after me to talk a bit for the cause in your different cities. I agreed readily enough, and I never had such a surprise in my life. At home, you know (he doesn't drop his h's), you can't travel five hundred miles in any direction without going into the sea. In

this country you can travel thousands. I had just made a speech in Washington, and when they said 'Now won't you come and speak in Philadelphia?' I said yes quick as a wink. I thought it was only a matter of a few minutes, ride on a tuppenny tram-car, and, bless your heart, it took us hours to go, in a sleeping-car."

Another friend from England, Mr. Byron, who had been with Burns through his first campaign for Parliament, spoke up: "You thought it like going from London to Richmond, eh, John?" "Exactly. They ask me here how far West I've been, and when I say to Cheyenne they laugh. That's not far, I suppose. But I traveled six thousand miles and made forty speeches in sixteen cities, and I think I did well. I've been on the move all the time since December 10th. Why, in England a man could make sixteen speeches in sixteen cities in sixteen days."

It was Mr. Byron who cashed the cheque for John Burns which Hudson, the dry-soap man, sent him for campaign expenses. The Liberals had said, when Burns stood, as a socialist, for West Nottingham, that the Tories put up for his campaign expenses so that he might defeat the Liberal candidate and let in the Tory man, who otherwise would have no chance. To prove to the Liberals that the money came from no such sources, but was sent by Burns's own personal friends and admirers, Mr. Byron took Hudson's check to the Liberal headquarters and got it cashed there, of all places!

"How do you find time to keep in such tidy trim?" asked one of Burns's friends. "Oh, I box a bit," said he. "If I had a pair of gloves here now I'd put them on with any of you." His lithe frame—he's been described as "burly," which he distinctly is not—looked all muscle at that moment. He can't weigh over a hundred and sixty, hard as he is, and at first glance seems rather a small man. It is his eyes and eyebrows which emphasize his individuality. Nothing goes to make beauty in a woman and strength in a man more than the brow. Burns's brows are big and thick and black; and he's black at the mouth, like a good hunting dog. His beard, closely trimmed, is very gray. Any man might be proud to have accomplished as much in thirty-seven years, working hard all day as a lad, as a youth, as a young man, studying, educating himself at night, doing for himself what the schools could never have done, even had he had time for them.

No man or woman who works can candidly regard Burns otherwise than as a benefactor. Dwellers in tenements and sufferers from unsanitary sewers know him to be an ardent and outspoken advocate of betterment. If he does believe in the nationalization of railroads and telegraphs, and other semi-public works, what matters it? So do some other hard thinkers! He has led through the streets of London a peaceable assemblage of one hundred thousand laboring men, and he may do as much here some day. The police there respect him, and the government looks to him. He has it in mind to strive mightily for the American working-men, too.

"All labor organizations in the United States could be united," said he, when asked about the purpose of his next visit here in August, "and they ought to be. It is feasible; I'm going to do everything that I can to bring it about. I will act as a sort of delegate from organized labor in England to organized labor in the United States. What leaders impressed me most among labor organizers in this country? Many of them made a deep impression on me; perhaps Gompers, McBride, and Penny the deepest."

He had walked to the elevator-shaft on the eighth floor of the Judge Building while talking, on his way to join Mr. Gompers, who, with Mr. Byron and Mr. Hemment, saw him off.

"Down, down, down," he called, smilingly, in his deep, ringing voice to Jack, the elevator conductor, "down to the infernal regions, to the nether kingdom"—and with a smile on his strong face he was gone. "I won't bid you good-bye," he said to Hemment, "because I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you popped up in mid-Atlantic with your camera and began taking pictures of me for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*."

JOHN PAUL BOCK.

A Chat with the Kendals.

(Continued from page 60.)

"Well, the community interested in theatrical people is enormous. Almost every paper caters to it. The feeling against successful foreign talent ran so high that a proposal issued to have it excluded by act of Congress. The remarks you mention and some objections to your plays are simply a part of the desire to sell papers."

"Oh!! Then I'm not to feel hurt when I—when I am!" cried Mrs. Kendal, laughing bravely through tears.

"Not at all. It is the truest gauge of your success. Your gain is easily represented to mean loss to the huge community. Practically it is not loss, but only irritation. And irritation never ceases to buy newspapers. To them nothing is more profitable than spleen. The very men who write these things would not part with you. Your feelings simply don't count. It was merely a matter of dollars and cents when your 'interviews' were garbled."

"But we are never interviewed—at least not on this tour. The only approach to it (on this trip) was at San Francisco. A well-dressed woman applied, through our manager, to be allowed to ask me one question. Several of us were in our drawing-room, like this, when I received her. Her question was: 'Would you allow your own daughter to witness "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"?' I laughed, and asked her to sit down while I explained my views, which you already know."

"Yes, we always thought," said Mr. Kendal, "that the people who objected to 'Tanqueray' did not realize its profoundly moral effect. And its immense success among a moral people has subsequently proved the correctness of our idea."

"Well, this woman," continued Mrs. Kendal, "was treated like any friend who should call upon me. She seemed bright and affectionate. She asked for my photograph. We parted on very good terms, and I felt glad that I had been nice to her, because she seemed so grateful. Judge, then, of my horror, when I found she had printed several columns which were filled with slanders and malicious misstatements. I avoid the newspapers just now, naturally enough, but Willie showed me this one, and she made it appear that I said very unpleasant things about the Americans. Now, you know, as every one knows, the people I meet here. They are my old life-long stand-bys, and continually increasing numbers of new friends who come to see me with kindness in their hearts and a generous welcome in both open hands. So it was really impossible that I could even think such things—let alone speak of them to a stranger."

"We have not thought it necessary to publicly refute this," added Mr. Kendal, mildly. "It first appeared in a small evening sheet. Afterward the editor of a larger paper reprinted it. This man has for two years held a personal grudge against Mr. Al. Hayman, and virulently attacks everything he produces at his theatres. As you say, our own feelings 'did not count.' We were merely the innocent instruments which his hate utilized. Copies were sent to the New York papers, which, in part, reprinted, as I am told. I regret this. Because the huge general public of America, which cares nothing for personal spite, and which has for many years made us glad with its warm-hearted generosity, should not be allowed to think we could be ungrateful." STINSON JARVIS.



Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

I AM glad to be able to review the work of this celebrated actor before he arrives in this country. It seems like a species of thanks to be beforehand in advising Americans of the treat they are about to enjoy. Why Mr. Tree has never before come to the United States has been a cause for question. The little Haymarket Theatre, even when filled to the ceiling as he fills it, has always seemed a poor affair when compared with the magnificent playhouses and princely profits which surely awaited him in America.

One often wonders as to the mental attitude in which other people visit a play; and perhaps those who seek pleasure with a kind of artful artlessness avoid the predetermined intention to criticise, which seems to damage so much enjoyment in those who are paid to be critics. When taking one's seat in Mr. Tree's theatre it is always a pleasure to feel that one may safely leave one's self in his hands—that all we have to do is to banish preconceived ideas and leave the mind a receptive blank, an expectant vacancy that like a maiden waits delightedly for what the gods hold in store. It is so simple. You give the lamp of the genius a seven-shilling rub—and Mr. Tree does the rest.

When a man has been delighted with a performance and yet is afraid to say so, I have my own opinion of him. Apparently the popular critical faculty lies in finding out what other people think. Then am I no true critic, and may I go without a groat if I ever wait for what other people think. Mr. Tree has given me evenings regarding which memory recalls neither flaw nor rasp. There seemed to be nothing to alter or improve. And when we think of the many other occasions when we have been forced to squirm and twist in our seats, when we have longed to assault different actors with a barrel-stave, then it is a relief to

remember one man as a sort of oasis in a wild and weary desert.

The first two plays on his programme are "The Red Lamp" and "The Ballad-monger," and while these may satisfactorily exhibit the width and diversity of this actor's powers, it may be questioned whether they will provide as entertaining an evening as "A Bunch of Violets." To say that this London favorite play is by Sydney Grundy is to state its undeniable cleverness. The part taken by Mr. Tree is that of the titled trustee in whose control "The Widow's Mite" and other charity funds are deposited. This voluble and brainy hypocrite speculates with the moneys and embezzles them all. His manners are perfect—also his address—and the part is a fine one for an actor's triumph, because when creating detestation in the spectator it cannot rely on those sympathies in which heart-warmth so often banishes criticism.

The play hits at institutions which delight to parade great names as figureheads for internal rottenness; and it is in another way of real value in making a *reductio ad absurdum* of the anarchists. This problem of squaring the shapeless was beyond Euclid. In England, anarchism, like other unrequited peculiarities, is caused to die from an overwhelming sense of its own absurdity. And in America this bunch of violets will lose nothing of their healthful perfume. Practically it is a bunch of disinfectants. Mr. Grundy strikes at the frailties of the highest and the lowest with unerring precision; and at his hands the unworkable and unspeakable London loafers, who mouth out the rights of the "sons of toil" when selling their votes, fare no better than the suave, accomplished knave, Sir Philip Marchmont.

For those who dislike some forms of patient human study, this play will be an agreeable change. The new woman, with her acrobatic surprises, is absent. The lady with the unquestionable past, the precarious present, and the highly problematic future has not been invited. In one view the play may be called clean. In reality it is only a different choice of unpleasantness. But then, it deals with human nature. And as no play makes a hit save that which contains the compelling force of nature's lower grades, perhaps a nice choice in unpleasantness is all we can as yet hope for in the playwright. What a saving in vulgarity if Dame Nature had always been the Empress Mrs. Grundy!

I cannot but regret that "The Pompadour," played in '88 or '89, does not appear on the list. To state that Mr. Tree is sometimes more satisfactory than Mr. Irving is perhaps to claim too much for youth and equally valuable differences. The grandeur of Becket and the sweetness of the old vicar cannot be displaced; yet for acting and pathos the half-demented husband of "The Pompadour" in his heart-broken search for his erring wife has seemed to rank first. After all, our praise is too much like the forgotten English grammar to be taken seriously. The adjectival substantive fits in with our own personal pronoun and agrees with our moods and tempers—and that is all we can say.

STINSON JARVIS.

The Payment of Pensioners.

WE referred recently to the government method of paying pensioners as in some respects conspicuously inadequate and unsatisfactory. As we then stated, pensioners are paid quarterly, in February, May, August, and November. In the larger cities of the North it frequently happens that large numbers of these pensioners are exposed, every quarter day, to great inconvenience and discomfort in procuring the money which belongs to them. Many of these, who come from the rural districts in preference to having checks sent by mail, often commence to gather twelve and fifteen hours before the pension offices are open, and stand in line all night long, waiting each his turn to receive what by law is already his. Sometimes these long waits are in the snow and rain, sometimes in the oppressive summer sun. Such a scene, which occurred on Sixth Avenue in this city on the last pay day, when a great crowd of pensioners stood for hours in a cold and pelting rain, waiting their turn, is depicted on the front page of this issue.

An Indiana pensioner, writing us on the subject, says: "I suppose it is the same in New York as it is here on pension day. The veterans gather in from the surrounding towns, and I am told that some pensioners come from towns thirty and forty miles distant every pension day. Right here is what makes the trouble. If all pensioners who live outside the cities would draw their pensions by mail there would be no occasion for crowding in the line at the pension office. It would be a blessing to those comrades if the pension commissioner would make a ruling to the effect that all soldiers living in the rural districts must draw their pensions and receive their cheques by mail at their nearest post-office. There is another thing: the pensioners



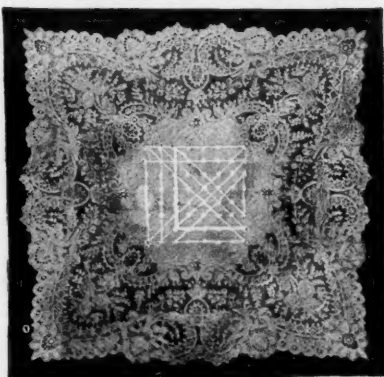
E. B. CUTHBERT.—PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.

should be paid every month, or every two months at the farthest, as was done when we were in active service. I very often have to borrow money to tide me over to pension day; sometimes it costs me from three to five dollars quarterly for interest on these loans. I have no doubt that thousands have the same experience."

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Answer to the Wonderful Handkerchief Puzzle.

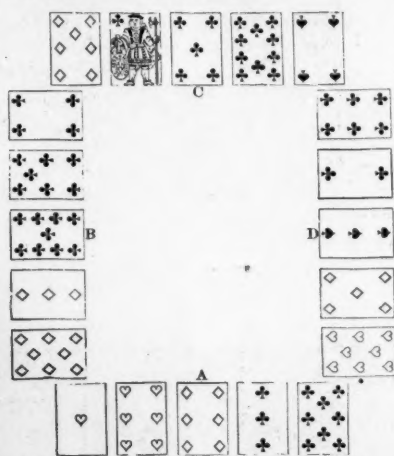


The above answer to this remarkable puzzle, which has probably created more interest than anything of the kind which has appeared since the famous "15 puzzle," was received from Miss Dolly Griswold, of Trenton, New Jersey, and George Collins, of London, England. Out of upwards of thirty-five thousand answers received, these were the only two who succeeded in doing the trick in fourteen strokes. The problem was to mark off the sixty-four stars in the least number of strokes, returning to starting point.

Whist Practice.

MISS S. W. NEWALL, of Richmond, Virginia, writes: "Your whist problems are very original, and have interested our players greatly. To make them more difficult, however, how would it do to leave it for the solvers to discover

just how many tricks can be taken? Does the following finish, which is given as problem No. 6, carry out the idea suggested?"



Diamonds trumps. A leads. How many tricks can A and B win against the best possible play?

Correct answers to whist problem No. 3 have been received from Messrs. Oscar Pape, T. Cox, H. Maitz, A. Bockins, W. Marks, J. C. Sebolt, M. F. Rogers, H. Edge, J. R. Dickinson, J. M. Peel, I. P. Griffith, B. Manchester, S. H. Calender, C. D. Garrett, W. Duncan, C. Amstruster, R. Rogers, B. Manchester, W. M. Johnson, W. Truen, C. V. Smith, W. B. Morningstern,

E. W. Hoyt, C. E. Wolfe, N. Schloussel, F. Buckley, J. B. Peterson, J. S. Royston, H. C. Bennett, B. Marsh, L. D. H. Gilmore, N. P. Tyler, Mrs. E. Olliver, Mary B. Hazzard, Eva Sweltzer, Dora E. Crimmings, Alice T. Hayes, and Mrs. E. D. Harris. It is safe to say that fully ten times as many solutions were received which will not produce the desired results. Such correspondents, therefore, who do not find their names among the successful solvers are requested to examine the following line of play for problem No. 3:

A leads trump ace, B heart 4, C discards heart ace, D trump deuce, A leads heart 6, B diamond 9, C diamond ace, D heart deuce. A now takes two tricks in diamonds and throws the last in spades to C. Our whist friends are reminded of the perpetual whist tournament inaugurated with problem No. 5, wherein a prize of a book is offered to any or all who can solve four problems in succession.

The Dinner to Mayor Strong.

The banquet tendered to Mayor Strong recently, by the Lotos Club, which holds that no mayor can properly commence his official career until he has been feasted at the club's hospitable board, was in every sense a notable occasion. The company, numbering two hundred and fifty persons, was thoroughly representative, and there was a unanimity of sentiment as to the official policy marked out by the distinguished guest which must have been especially gratifying to him. The applause was

especially hearty when, in the course of his pleasant little speech, he said that he proposed to make his administration absolutely non-partisan to the last day of his term. Ex-Mayor Hewitt, in some remarks, dwelt upon the importance of the work committed to the hands of the new mayor, and urged his hearers to do everything in their power to develop the civic spirit and enlarge the popular theories as to municipal administration to meet new demands as they arise.

E. B. Cuthbert.

No man of his years has recently entered Wall Street, as we familiarly term the financial centre of the Western world, who has scored a greater success, who has made his presence more generally felt, than E. B. Cuthbert. The descendant of a distinguished South Carolina family on his father's side, his maternal grandfather was the late Francis W. Lasak, one of New York's oldest and most respected merchants, and at one time the business partner of John Jacob Astor. Inheriting much of the financial ability of which he has given such marked proof, his success in life is nevertheless entirely self-wrought.

Mr. Cuthbert passed the earlier years of his life in Illinois and Tennessee. His advent in metropolitan banking circles, seven years ago, was the commencement of a business career of exceptional brilliancy, and to-day he is probably the most successful young man in the Street.

Unaided, save by his own undoubted talent, he has emerged within a few months from the obscurity of a mere student of political economy to become a leading factor in the world of finance.

An original thinker and astute logician, he has evolved a scheme for an international clearing-house whereby the shipments of gold may be avoided, and which has the indorsement and support of some of the ablest financiers of the day. Again, his advocacy of a direct tax for the support of the Federal government to obviate the necessity of the repeated issuance of bonds, and other radical reform measures, stamp him as a man of deep penetration, whose opinions are worthy of profound consideration.

A man still in the thirties, with a purpose in life, backed by wealth and thorough education in and knowledge of the path he is pursuing, with industry, talent, and good judgment, Mr. Cuthbert can scarcely fail to scale the uppermost round of the ladder of successful results. What the ripe harvest will be if life is spared to such a man it is comparatively easy to foresee.

Letter from Bernhard Stavenhagen to Wm. Knabe & Co.

[Translated from the German.]

NEW YORK, January 5th, 1895.

DEAR SIRS—It affords me special pleasure to express to you my great satisfaction with your instruments. The same fully justify the distinguished renown which they enjoy, and I can only concur in the verdict of Messrs. von Bülow and D'Albert, in emphasizing that the Knabe Pianos, before all in regard to mellow and singing (gesangvollen) tone combined with power, respond to the highest demands. These qualities, united with a perfect mechanism, place "The Knabe Piano" at the head of the best American instruments, and I again beg to express my satisfaction that I have the use of the same for my entire American tour. With highest esteem, yours truly,

BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN.

"Rock Me To Sleep, Mother."

THE poem, "Rock Me To Sleep, Mother," was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen, known otherwise as "Florence Percy." It is a general favorite, for it is a sweet little touch of home life. But there is another side to the picture. Many a mother rocks her child to sleep who can neither rest nor sleep herself. She is always tired, has an everlasting back-ache, is low-spirited, weary, nervous, and all that. Thanks be, she can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do the work. There is nothing on earth like it, for the "complaints" to which the sex are liable. Once used, it is always in favor.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal-card. A trial costs you nothing.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A CHAT WITH THE KENDALS.



"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

"CAN you solve the problem?" cried Mr. Kendal, as he settled to a cigar.

"What problem? There are many."

"Can you tell me why 'Lady Clancarty' should be such a success in Chicago and then be decried in New York?"

"Perhaps because Chicago liked it. If Chicago chose heaven, New York would take the other place."

"But my friends said there were fewer literary people in Chicago, so of course I expected the results to be just the other way; because 'Clancarty' is more particularly for lovers of history's romance."

"Perhaps you didn't make *Clancarty* Irish enough. This is a charge which all the critics, except one, have made."

"Indeed," broke in Mrs. Kendal, "Willie can speak as good a brogue as the whole County Cork; but he does not think it is properly in the part."

"No," said Mr. Kendal; "the Irish aristocracy of that day was almost as much in London as it is at present. It does not now, and never did, speak with anything more than a flavor, here and there, of a more rich tone. I wonder where the New York critics caught their Irishman whom they would wish me to copy?"

"I'll introduce you to him. He's a New York policeman—salary two dollars; perquisites, fifty thousand."

"The only place in which I expected to have my Irish accent criticised was in Dublin. The best people there have no brogue and speak the best English in the world. Yet Dublin did not in any way question the accent I give to the Earl. In fact, I was several times asked what part of Ireland I came from. At any rate, it can, I think, be historically proved that the Earl of Clancarty was never a New York policeman."

We laughed, and Mrs. Kendal stopped her knitting. "Perhaps you can tell me," she said, "why the papers here are so solicitous about my age. Have I ever tried to conceal it? The age of every well-known actress is public property. Other women, older than I, take young parts, and with great success. But do I play the juvenile? Look at my list. *Lady Clancarty* is, historically, thirty-six. *The Ironmaster's* wife is about the same. *Mrs. Tanqueray* may be any age up to forty. And so on through all of them. If I played *ingénue* parts there might be some necessity to speak of my mistake, but as it is—surely the increasing years are quite enough for any woman to bear without these gentlemanly attentions!"

"I don't think they personally wish to hurt you, Mrs. Kendal. They only want to appear to do so. During the hard times, lately, thousands of actors were said to be out of employment while you and Mr. Irving were filling your theatres—"

"Yes, and I'm honest enough to admit that I would hate the fact as much as they did if positions were reversed."

(Continued on page 58.)



"A SCRAP OF PAPER."



MRS. KENDAL IN "THE IRONMASTER."

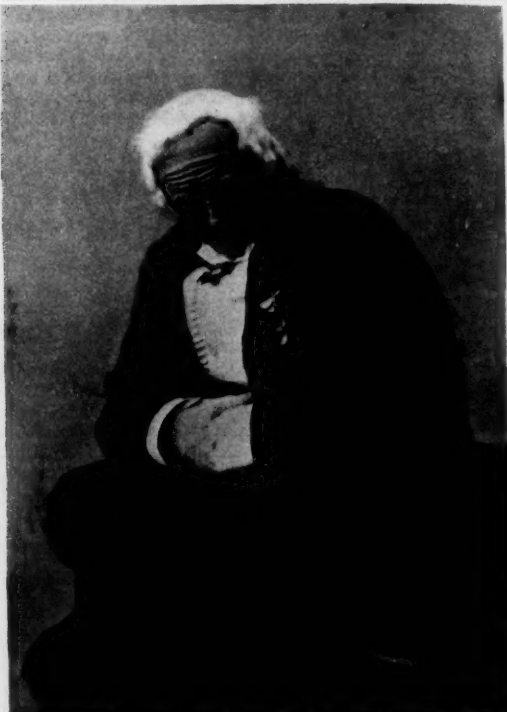


"PAULA" IN "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

MRS. KENDAL IN SOME OF HER FAVORITE CHARACTERS.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS "FALSTAFF."



"DEMETRIUS" IN "THE RED LAMP."



"GRINGOIRE" IN "THE BALLAD-MONGER."

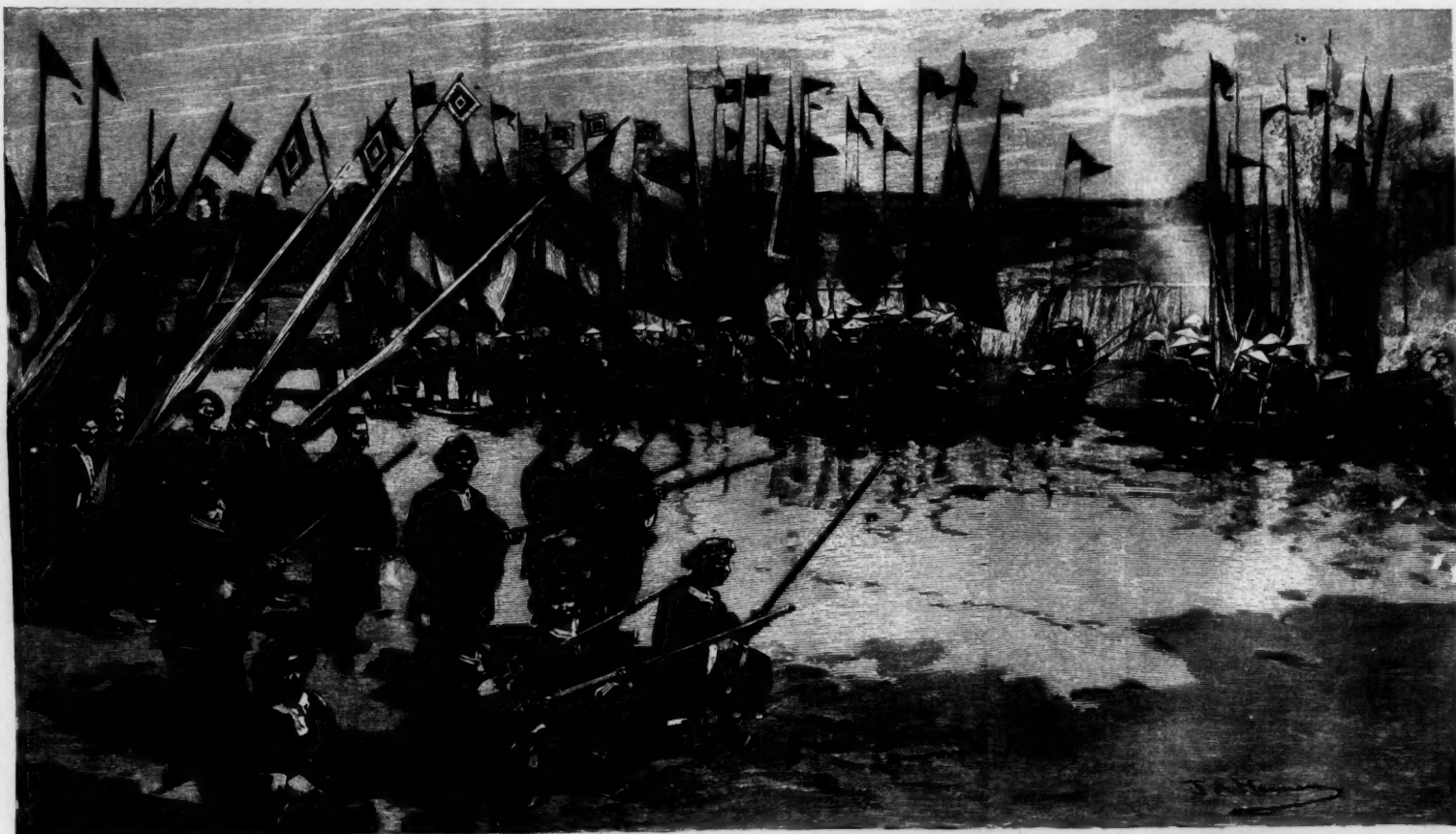
MR. BEERBOHM TREE, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH ACTOR, WHO IS SHORTLY TO APPEAR IN THIS COUNTRY.—[SEE PAGE 58]



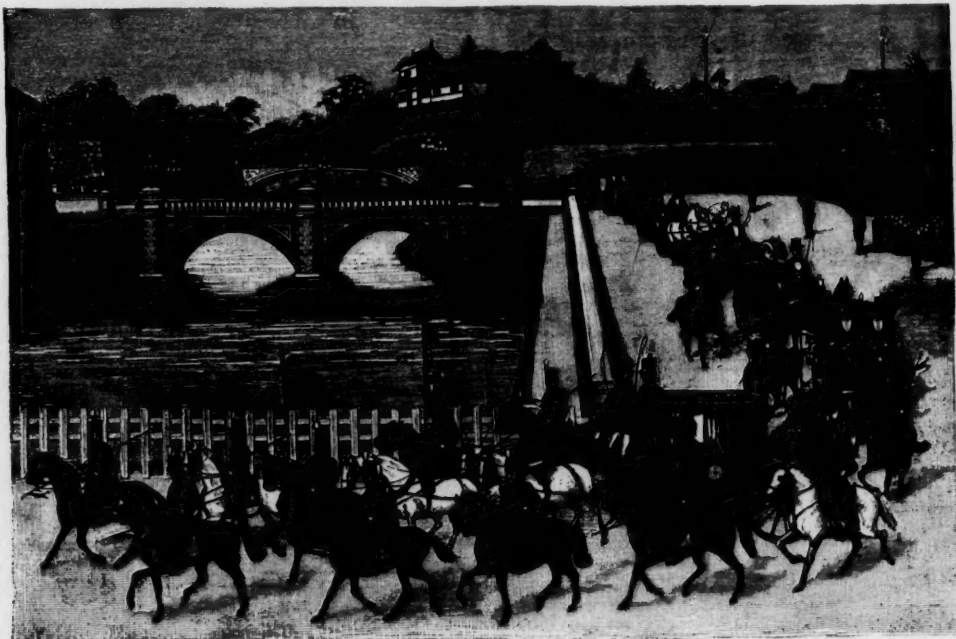
THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE JAPANESE, UNDER FIELD-MARSHAL OYAMA, ENTERING THE CITY OF KINCHU.—*Black and White.*



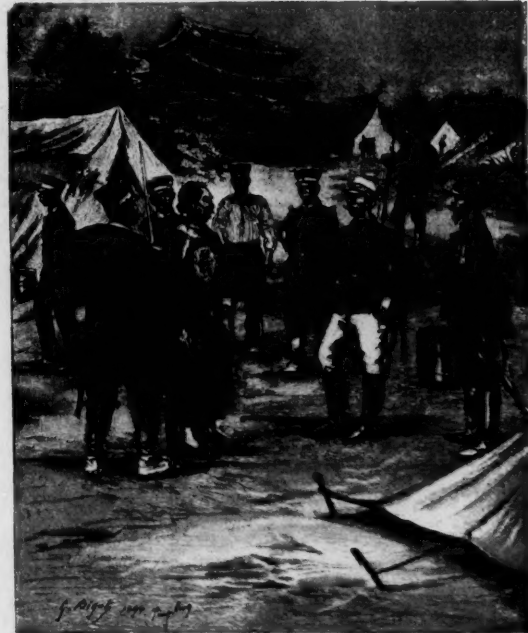
A MARKET FOR THE SALE OF FROZEN FOOD IN ST. PETERSBURG.—*Paris L'Illustration.*



THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE STANDARD-BEARERS OF THE CHINESE ARMY.—*Paris L'Illustration.*



THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE MIKADO OF JAPAN LEAVING THE CAPITAL FOR HIROSHIMA.
Paris L'Illustration.



JAPANESE OFFICERS INTERROGATING CHINESE PRISONERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF PING YANG.—*London Graphic.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

FACTS.

A TEACHER having requested each of her class of small boys to bring in three items of information about the Hudson River that they could prove to be facts, received from a bright seven-year-old the following: "I have lived near it. I have sailed over it. I have fallen into it. Facts."—*Judge*.

A BUSINESS RULE.

He had been making an avowal of love to the heiress.

"And may I have an answer to-morrow, dearest?"

"Not to-morrow, George. In money matters I always insist upon three days of grace."—*Judge*.

SORRY HE ASKED.

AUTHOR—"How is it that you didn't follow the universal custom and turn over a new leaf?"

Critic—"I happened to pick up your latest novel."—*Judge*.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NEW YORK weekly *Judge* notify the public that the use of *Judge* in local advertising schemes, by printing and inserting advertising pages between its leaves, is a direct violation of the publishers' rights under the copyright law; no one is authorized by the publishers to use *Judge* in this manner, and prompt measures will be taken to stop its being so used. *Judge* Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ADD twenty drops of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to every glass of water you drink.

TRAVELING IN LUXURY.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY'S (PIEDMONT AIR LINE) NEW FLORIDA SHORT LINE LIMITED.

EVER ready to provide everything for the accommodation of the patrons, the Southern Railway Company has added to their service a new train to the South, known as the New York and Florida Short Line Limited, which is, beyond doubt, one of the finest trains in the world. The dining and sleeping-cars are all of the Pullman company's most modern make, and are but a few weeks from the shops, the Southern Railway and the Pennsylvania Railway being the only lines who have as yet received any of the new Pullman Compartment Sleeping-cars.

The New York and Florida Short Line Limited leaves the Pennsylvania depot daily at 3:30 p. m. It is a solid Pullman vestibule train, and runs between New York and St. Augustine, carrying also through sleeping, New York to Tampa and Augusta; the train is composed of dining-car, compartment, drawing-room, and state-room sleeping-cars. The state-room sleeping-cars enable one to enjoy perfect seclusion, the same as a drawing-room, cost being little more than a section in ordinary sleeper, each state-room being provided with two berths, wash-basin, lavatory, etc. Passengers on this train go through to St. Augustine and Tampa without changes, dinner being served at Jacksonville at seven o'clock, St. Augustine 8:15 p. m., on the evening of the day after leaving New York.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excess, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 331, Albion, Michigan.

THE STANDARD

remedy for all stomach and liver complaints is Ripans Tablets. One tablet gives relief, but in severe cases one should be taken after each meal until the trouble has disappeared.

SOHMER & Co., the great piano firm, can point with pride to the magnificent indorsement their instruments have received at the hands of the best native and foreign musical artists.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. Send for pamphlet. Free. Scott & Borne, N.Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.



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WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D., MARLON HUTCHINSON, M.D., Physicians-in-Chief.



Fourteenth St. and Sheridan Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our Superlative Department.

III.—THE BEGINNERS.

STEPHEN BRULE, who crossed the ocean and arrived in "New France" in 1610, was probably the first white man to see the Falls of Niagara, which white men now use to amuse bridal couples and turn wheels.

Private Edward de Cohota was the first, and is said to be the only Chinaman in the United States Army. He was enlisted in Company H, Fifteenth infantry.

The Dwyer Brothers, who win or lose hundreds of thousands on the turf, made their first venture in horse-flesh in 1876, when they purchased a third interest in the black colt Rhadamanthus. Their winnings in the twelve succeeding years are said to have been fully a million dollars in stakes and purses.

Professor Morse is said to have taken the first photograph in America, in the Morse building, corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, New York City.

Claud William Kinder built the first locomotive and constructed the first railroad in China, in 1878. It connected the Tong-San coal mines with Lutai on the Peh Tang Ho River. The track was laid with thirty-pound steel rails and ballasted with broken limestone. The ghosts of the Chinamen's ancestors were dreadfully cut up by the noise at first, the Chinamen said.

John Sugden built one of the earliest worsted mills at Leeming in 1792. He employed a half-dozen hand-combers.

In 1700 Karl Hogstrom, a Swedish engineer, antedating Stephenson forty years, constructed a locomotive and conceived the plan of a regular railroad. He wanted tooth-wheels on his engine. The first locomotive used in the United States was made at Stourbridge in England, and was run on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's railroad between Honesdale and Scranton in 1827. "Old railroaders" who "know better" than this are invited to talk up.

The first theatre was that of Dionysius, built by the Athenians 500 B. C. There were no tights, ballet-dancers, or living pictures in it. "Pinafore" was first played in the United States on November 25th, 1878, in the Boston Museum. Joseph Haworth was the original Ralph Rackstraw and Sadie Martinot one of the first Little Buttercups.

Sarah Bernhardt's first appearance in the (Continued on next page.)

The HAMMOND SANITARIUM

For Diseases of the Nervous System and of the Skin.

The HAMMOND ANIMAL EXTRACTS, Cerebrine, Medulline, Cardine, Testine, Ovarine, and Thyroidine (Isopathy), are largely used in the treatment; also Baths, Douches, Static, Galvanic, and Faradic Electricity—in fact, all recognized scientific methods for the cure of disease. For full information and pamphlet, address either

Dr. HAMMOND or Dr. HUTCHINSON.

Correspondence with physicians requested.

Beautiful Teeth, the Crown of Beauty.

When other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **SOZODONT**, in order to keep them white, or to render them so. This celebrated liquid

SOZODONT

is purely botanic in its composition and is entirely free from any ingredient which could injure the teeth. On this account alone, it is vastly preferable to the ordinary tooth powders and tooth pastes, which contain either gritty particles that wear away the enamel, or corrosive ingredients which dissolve it. Leading Physicians, Dentists, the Press, and members of the Hygienic and Musical Professions, have borne voluntary and emphatic testimony to its excellence, and it has largely superseded all articles of its class—a fact which affords the best proof which can be furnished of its Superior Qualities.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Cornwall, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on arms may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed as each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERACIDIC ELECTROLYTIC.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.—Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene as a cash. (Always mention your country and give name.) Cut this advertisement out, sealed from observation on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR NAME.)

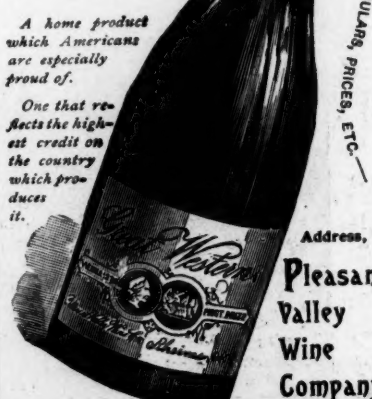
MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery. We offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

That's the sort of Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding you ought to have on your dress. Look for "S.H.&M." on the label, never mind what the clerk says—see for yourself.

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DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



FOR MEDICINAL USE. No Fusel Oil.

SAT IN A DRAUGHT. THE CAR WINDOW WAS OPEN. WENT OUT AFTER A BATH. FORGOT TO WEAR AN OVERCOAT. NEGLECTED TO PUT ON RUBBERS. GOT CAUGHT IN A RAIN, AND

YOU HAVE A COLD!

and should take the best known preparation for it. Nothing which has ever been discovered has equaled Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for counteracting the first approach of any cold, cough or malarial symptoms. It is for sale by druggists and grocers universally, but care should be exercised that none but Duffy's is secured. Send for our illustrated book.

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JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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When you can get the Best at Cheap prices in any quantity. Dinner, Teas and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. Good income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. P.O. Box 299. 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD

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The Chicago and St. Louis Limited,

Leaving New York every day at 5 P. M., connecting at Chicago and St. Louis for the Far West.

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Leaving New York at 7:35 P. M. daily, except Sunday, stopping only at important cities en route and arriving at Buffalo early next morning.

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They are the Best, the Easiest, the Quickest.

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"I have used *Vino de Salud* and can most heartily recommend it to any requiring a pleasant tonic. I consider it of great value in cases of depleted assimilative power and loss of appetite."—Letter on file in our office from a well-known physician.

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"Thrifty is a good revenue."

Great Saving

results from cleanliness and **SAPOLIO**.

It is a solid cake of scouring soap.

Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

Pall Mall Magazine.

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Edited by LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON, M.P., and SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

The circulation of the Pall Mall Magazine is increasing month by month by leaps and bounds. The tremendous success of the now much sought for Christmas number has given a still further impetus to the rapidly growing popularity of this superb monthly.

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

FLORENTINE PICTURES, by CHARLES GODFREY LELAND; TOMMY BODD AND THE ROOSTER, by GUY BOOTHBY; THE MUD-COIL INDIAN, by PHIL ROBINSON; A BROKEN HEART, by R. S. HICHENS; IN THE LIBRARY, by THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK; AT THE KING'S HEAD, by FRANKFORT MOORE.

Besides the above contributions, the serials by Walter Besant and H. Rider Haggard are still running, both having achieved a great success. There are also many other stories, articles and poems throughout. Profusely illustrated by the leading artists in black and white. Splendid colored frontispiece.

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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RHEUMATISM

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DON'T STOP TOBACCO

IT'S INJURIOUS TO STOP SUDDENLY and don't be imposed upon by buying a remedy that requires you to do so, as it is nothing more than a substitute. In the sudden stoppage of tobacco you must have some stimulant, and in most all cases, the effect of the stimulant, be it opium, morphine, or other opiates, leaves a far worse habit contracted. Ask your druggist about **BACO-CURO**. It is purely vegetable. You do not have

to stop using tobacco with **BACO-CURO**. It will notify you when to stop and your desire for tobacco will cease. Your system will be as free from nicotine as the day before you took your first chew or smoke. An iron-clad written guarantee to absolutely cure the tobacco habit in all its forms, or money refunded. Price, \$1.00 per box or 3 boxes (30 days' treatment and guaranteed cure), \$2.50. For sale by all druggists or will be sent by mail upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX. Booklets and proofs free.

Eureka Chemical & Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Office of THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY, C. W. HORNICK, Supl., St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 7, 1904.

Eureka Chemical and Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis. Dear Sirs—I have been a tobacco fiend for many years, and during the past two years have smoked fifteen to twenty cigars regularly every day. My whole nervous system became affected, until my physician told me I must give up the use of tobacco for the time being, at least. I tried the so-called "Keeley Cure," "No-To-Bac," and various other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Curo." Three weeks ago today I commenced using your preparation, and today I consider myself completely cured. I am in perfect health, and the horrible craving for tobacco, which every inveterate smoker fully appreciates, has completely left me. I consider your "Baco-Curo" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it. Yours very truly, C. W. HORNICK.

Our Superlative Department.

(Continued from previous page.)

United States was as Adrienne Lecouvreur in Booth's Theatre, November 8th, 1880. Booth's Theatre was opened February 3d, 1869, with "Romeo and Juliet," Booth playing Romeo and Mary McVickar Juliet.

The first lighthouse on Minot's Ledge was begun in 1847. It was overwhelmed by the sea, with all its inmates, in April, 1851.

Bronze cents were first issued under the law of April 23d, 1864.

The first paper-mill in this country was built at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1765. The first regular passenger railway constructed here was the southern portion of the Baltimore and Ohio, in 1827.

Kavol Kowates, a shoemaker of Pesth, carved out the first meerschaum pipe for Count Andrassy in 1723. It is preserved in the museum of Pesth. Count Andrassy brought the meerschaum from Turkey.

Trains were first run on the Third Avenue elevated road in 1878.

Petrarch wrote the first Arabic numerals in Europe, in 1355, in a manuscript copy of St. Augustine's works.

Mail-wagons have a right to cross first in the streets of New York.

The fork was first used to carry food to the mouth by the Venetians in the sixteenth century. The first pistols were made about 1510.

Elizabeth Flanagan invented the cocktail. She was a sutler who followed the troop of Virginia horse which wintered at the Four Corners, between White Plains and Tarrytown, New York, in 1779. That locality is now called Elmsford.

Arnold Constable & Co.

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FREE

Send us your full name and address and we will send you a box of our finest cigars, retail value \$5.00, for \$2.99. In order to introduce this brand we will send you FREE this elegant watch, stem wind and stem set, gold finished, beautifully engraved and equal in appearance and as good a time keeper as the average \$35.00 gold filled watch. We send the 50 cigars and watch together C. O. D., cost only \$2.98. You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the agent the amount and they are yours. Write to-day. Mention whether you want ladies' or gent's size watch. Address, **THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,** 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAMAR INDIEN

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

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